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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

The Nadir Reached?

Of the facts and figures which tell the story of business in midsummer one thing may be said very positively: they are the kind which appear only when the business cycle is sweeping along the bottom of its downward curve. They are phenomena of depression, and probably of the nadir of depression. The lowest rediscount rate in the history of the Federal Reserve System, 2½ per cent at the New York Bank, is the most obvious sign that shows where, along the route of the cycle, business is now located; it is testimony to slackness of demand for credit from a commerce and industry which are so inactive that the banks which supply them are, relatively speaking, "out of the Reserve Banks." There are innumerable other signs. Money rates in Europe are comparably almost as low as ours. The steel industry for a time operated at hardly more than half of capacity. Some of the country's leading automobile producers shut down entirely for varying periods. Employment and trade continue subnormal both here and abroad. Business failures rise and pre-war prices for staple commodities reappear. Brokers' loans are cut in half. All these phenomena show that necessary readjustments and corrections are being made, and taken together they are usually met only when business is at its worst, when the readjustments are nearing completion.

It was one of the tenets of the New Era philosophy that the business cycle had been virtually eliminated, and that its downward swings would be infrequent and limited. In some cases, doubtless, the obverse of that belief has been adopted, and hopes of a nearly-permanent expansion have been succeeded by fears of an almost limitless recession. These fears are as certain to prove unfounded as the hopes were to be disappointed. One of the large utility companies, in an advertisement that was widely commented upon, recently pointed out that last year the general public was using rose-tinted glasses, that this year it has adopted blue glasses, and that it can really see what is before it only through plain glasses. And plain glasses, directed at the midsummer scene, revealed not the characteristics of boom or expansion, but the exact opposite: the phenomena which accompany a rather thorough deflation.

To look at a picture and say that it shows a considerable depth of depression is not, of course, to say that it shows absolute bottom. Nevertheless some of the best known business prophets have not hesitated to stake their reputations upon the prediction that the seasonal dullness during July, which was intensified by shutdowns for vacation and overhaul purposes, particularly in the automobile factories, will mark the statistical low point of the recession. This is not as daring a prophecy as might appear. Due largely to the crop movement, business invariably expands as summer recedes. Whether the fall expansion this year will be above or below normal is a question that will agitate the statisticians; but most business men will be satisfied to see their turnover increase even a little, and they have every reason to expect that it will show satisfactory gains.

Comparisons

Except for mild recessions in 1924 and 1927, the last business depression with which the United States had to cope was that of 1921, or more accurately 1920–22. As in the present case that was a worldwide depression following an antecedent inflation. But one or two important differences make the situation this year relatively more favorable. The chief of these differences is the less vulnerable inventory position of distributors of finished goods, and to a lesser extent of manufacturers, in 1930. The enormous losses that fell upon wholesalers and retailers who had to slash prices to meet "buyers' strikes" in 1921 have not been taken this year. Retail prices have reacted to the declines in raw materials normally and satisfyingly; they have given way gradually as replacements of cheaper goods came in, and recently considerable reductions have been made under the leadership of the chain stores and mail order houses. But neither in volume nor in precipitateness has retail liquidation been the important factor prolonging depression that it was in 1921. Wholesalers perhaps have been less fortunate than retailers, but neither have they been called upon to take such losses as confronted them in that year. Manufacturers of course have not escaped scot free. There were too many automobiles, too many tires, too many cotton goods, and too many

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of a vast number of fabricated articles in their hands at the end of 1929, but they have extricated themselves promptly and ably. The opinion of Professor Garfield V. Cox of Chicago University is typical of general observation of the state of industry: "At present all the well-known indexes of business activity are running considerably below estimated normal. Evidence continues to accumulate that consumption has not shrunk accordingly, and that the readjustments necessitated by the over-expansion of 1929 are being rapidly completed. Meantime no new depressants of major significance seem likely to appear. The foundation is therefore being laid for sound and sustained recovery of business during the latter part of the current year."

It is also important that in 1929 there was no inflation of land values and wages comparable in importance to that of 1919; the necessity of deflation in those directions is therefore limited. To be sure wages in many cases are even higher than in the famed silk shirt era, but the gains have been real, made possible by more machinery and power and by greater efficiency both of labor and management; wages are not "inflated" as they were then, not out of line with the productive value of the labor which they purchase. Wage reductions are being resorted to as a means of distributing losses, but old scales are likely to be restored again early in the upward stages of business.

In one respect of course the business position this summer is as bad as at the depth of the depression nine years ago. That is in the low prices and surplus supplies of staple raw materials. The fact that producers of these commodities, generally speaking, can not recover the costs of their production at these prices is the most important factor tending to prolong recession, since it reduces their purchasing power. Eloquent testimony of curtailed buying by the producers of Cuban sugar, Brazilian coffee and Straits rubber appears in the figures of our export trade for the first five months of 1930, showing a reduction of half a billion dollars from the corresponding period of 1929. On the other hand, the fact that raw materials become available at such uneconomically low prices is definitely stimulating; it makes possible in the long run a larger distribution, and many far-sighted manufacturers assure their prosperity for a year or two to come by covering their requirements at prices which virtually guarantee that they can operate profitably from the time business recovery sets in until these supplies are exhausted.

It is the most elementary of economic truisms that staple commodities can not sell indefinitely below their cost of production. When they fall below that price their production is discouraged and their consumption stimulated. Eventually the over-supply which causes the price decline must be absorbed and the price reëstablished at a point at which the services of capital and labor will be attracted to produce the commodity. This point obviously is one at which there will be a going return for labor and profit for capital. Below that point, in the long run, the marginal production of high cost producers is lopped off and the supply is diminished until the price rises.

Price Deflation

When the stock market collapsed last fall many observers believed the world would escape the evils of a long commodity price deflation, holding that there had been no antecedent inflation. However, as the tide of business receded it uncovered surplus commodity supplies in the hands of producers, and prices have dropped without interruption ever since. The world has had during the summer the opportunity to purchase most staple raw materials at prices which are below the cost of production for all except unusually favored producers. This has been one of the most depressing features of business, and despite the perfectly clear economic truism that has been cited many observers appear to believe that the prospect for recovery within any measurable time is hopeless; they argue that shortage of gold is forcing everything down, or that costs of production are decreasing so greatly that we must go back at once to pre-war standards for our prices, or that tariffs, cartels or what not are preventing the law of supply and demand from taking effect. These arguments have a despairing sound, but upon examination they are disclosed quite definitely as "blue glass" reasoning.

The gold supply and its relationship to prices has been examined in these articles previously, and there is no occasion to go into it again except to say that with the modern economical use of gold there is considerably more than enough to support a much larger volume of business at much higher prices than at present; and to add that even if the long-time trend of prices is downward it will be so gradual as to be insignificant in the markets of any given year. It is true that costs of production are decreasing, but it is absurd to suppose that Cuban sugar can be delivered to New York for 1¼ cents a pound, or Straits rubber for 10 cents, or that most other agricultural and mineral staples can be produced in sufficient quantities to cover world needs at the prices which they are now bringing. For one season, perhaps for two, an agricultural industry can operate at a bankrupt

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cost of production; that is, the return to labor can be cut down to a bare food subsistence, and the return to capital can be foregone entirely, and inroads be made upon it through losses. All industries have an inertia which keeps them going through bad years, and makes them respond slowly to the law of supply and demand, and of course the perennial crops like rubber and sugar are not as immediately responsive to unprofitably low prices as wheat and cotton can be. But this in no way alters the eventual certainty of their response.

Commodities

IN SOME commodity markets the condition out of which recovery will come can already be discerned. In cotton goods, for example, the world has been living upon its stocks thus far this year, and the movement of goods from the mills since the first of January has been nearly 15 per cent smaller than a year ago. Concurrently mills both in the United States and abroad have allowed their stocks of cotton to run down. The effect has been to pile up cotton in producers' hands, making the surplus appear larger than it would if it were normally distributed all along the line to the eventual consumer. In rubber, conditions are somewhat similar. The potential demand for tires is doubtless the largest in the country's history, and if it is slow appearing during the remainder of this year it seems a safe guess that a new record in world consumption of rubber will be set in 1931. In wheat the surplus in this country and Canada, which so depressed the price, is partially if not entirely offset by small supplies in Europe. And so it goes in many other commodities.

Speculation in commodities is not as well understood by the general public as speculation in stocks. In all the staple agricultural commodities and in some of the minerals there are "futures" exchanges which deal in standardized contracts for the delivery of these commodities. These contracts furnish media for trading. The mechanism of the exchanges is simple. At times like the present public buying is frequently attracted, and when commodities can be bought at well below the cost of production an eventual profit is probable, provided the trader does not spread his funds so thinly that his ability to stick is impaired, and that he does not pay too great a premium for the purchase of distant deliveries.

The future of the stock market is directly tied up with the future of business. After the declines in late June the market doubtless was well liquidated, and the funds offered to it were so ample that call money became available in New York, outside the Stock Exchange, as low as 1¼ per cent. At these rates, with many good stocks yielding 5 to 6 per cent, shares can be purchased with borrowed money to yield a good return, and one essential to an upward movement is at hand. The other, of course, is good business. The public has experienced one disappointment this year in following a bull stock market based on expectations of good business, and this fall it may demand concrete evidence rather than hope.

Roger W. Babson's description of the closing phases of a bear market, as included in his latest book, is interesting. The next to the last phase, he says, is characterized by little good news, so that "one would naturally think the country was going to the bow-wows. . . . There is only one ray of hope — the bond market is picking up." Of the last phase he says "When prices are abnormally low and investors and speculators are disgusted with the stock market insiders begin to buy. As money rates by this time have materially decreased, these insiders are able to make money on their interest account, though prices may continue to drag on bottom for a while. Then the profit in short selling begins to vanish, and soon we see signs of a bull market."

The proportion of Stock Exchange members' borrowings to the total value of all listed stocks had dropped below 6 per cent at the beginning of July. It first fell below that figure at the end of last January, but by the end of April had risen to 6.72 per cent. Before the break last fall it was frequently almost 10 per cent. This is satisfying evidence of liquidation, and the fact that brokers' loans are less than half the total at their peak last fall is another satisfying indication. All lines of credit have been reduced except the loans of commercial banks upon securities. These are half a billion dollars larger than a year ago, for the reporting member banks, which indicates a total probably one and a quarter billions larger for all banks. While a considerable volume of frozen loans on securities is therefore still being carried by the banks, this does not alter the fact of the decrease in the total amount of credit outstanding on stocks and bonds; it merely reflects the loans that have been thrown back upon the New York banks through the withdrawal of funds supplied to the market by "all others." Generally speaking, it is probably true that more securities are owned outright today, and by more persons, than ever before in the history of the country. Certainly brokers' loans represent a smaller proportion of the values of stocks than at any time since the Stock Exchange began to compile the figures. And the less money borrowed upon stocks the more firmly are they likely to be held.

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Gleams of Hope

New financing has continued quite active, as have public works generally. The total new security issues brought out during the first half of 1930 exceeded five billion dollars, the largest on record in any year up to 1928, and falling below the 1929 all-time record by only about a billion dollars. Allowing for a smaller proportion of refunding this year, the difference in new capital raised is only about half a billion. The drop in investment trust financing alone was considerably more than that. Bond issues constitute over two-thirds of the total corporation financing, whereas in 1929 they were only a little over one-third.

Investment rail stocks have been in greater demand recently than most other groups. Rail prospects have taken a turn for the better. The roads' earnings thus far this year have been distinctly subnormal. But they have won two important legislative victories. One was a ruling of the Supreme Court finding that the Hoch-Smith resolution, designed to compel lower freight rates on products of depressed agricultural industries, did not change the transportation law, by which fixing of rates to produce a fair return was directed. As a result certain rates which had been reduced are likely to be raised. The second victory was the decision of the I. C. C. raising class rates; by some this raise is estimated to be worth $40,000,000 to Eastern roads alone, though President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio thinks that a gross exaggeration. These are real victories for the railroads, worth tangible sums to their stockholders.

Informative Booklets

The following booklets are recommended to readers:

James H. Oliphant and Company, New York-Chicago. *Studies In Securities 1930*, Fourth Issue. Analyses of sixty-one of the leading industrial and railroad stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Halsey, Stuart and Company, New York-Chicago. A library of investment information including especially a revised edition of *Bonds — Questions Answered — Terms Defined*, and a reprint of investment talks made over the radio.

Hornblower and Weeks, New York-Boston-Chicago. *The Natural Gas Industry*. An economic study with description of companies.

Middle West Utilities Company, Chicago. *Harvests and Highlines*. A study of farm economics with special reference to the use of power.

C. F. Childs and Company, New York-Chicago. *Municipal Bonds*. General information.

Pynchon and Company, New York-Chicago. *Electric Light and Power*. A survey of world development.

By Way of Introduction

Robert Cruise McManus (*Morrow — A New Legend*) is a New York journalist who has free lanced in Latin America.

Herbert L. Stone (*The America's Cup*) is editor of *Yachting*, and a prolific writer on the same subject.

Katharine Anthony (*Alexandra Kollontay*) studied at German universities, did research with the Russell Sage Foundation, and has written many biographies.

Phelps Haviland Adams (*Right Off the Boat*) is the Washington correspondent for *The New York Sun*.

Charles E. Parker (*Ace Polo Players*) is a Dartmouth man who has turned his attention mainly to sports.

Kingsley Moses (*The Lapping of Water*) saw overseas service, wandered abroad with high adventure, and has finally settled down on Long Island.

Lewis F. Carr (*What the Tariff Can Do*) is an Ohioan, with farm background and newspaper experience.

Homer Croy (*This Laugh Business*), humorist, started as reporter on *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch;* and went around the world with a moving picture camera.

Lupton A. Wilkinson (*The Sport of Kings*) did publicity for Herbert Hoover's war relief organizations; and knows the ponies from his South Carolina plantation.

Charlotte Dean (*The Swing of Styles*) made her reputation on the Indianapolis newspapers and is now on the editorial page of *The New York Times*.

Rose Wilder Lane (*Reynard Runs*), popular magazine writer and winner of prizes, has toured Albania in hiking fashion, and lives on a Missouri farm.

Gregorio Muñoz Montoro, a Spanish caricaturist, is responsible for the drawing of Herschel Brickell which appears in *The Literary Landscape* this month.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

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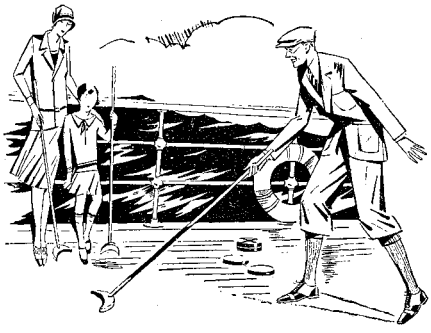

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The North American Review

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Morrow—a New Legend

BY ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS

An Analysis by Anecdote

THE day after Dwight Morrow rolled up enough votes in New Jersey's Republican Senatorial primary to win an ordinary election, I was sitting in a coach of a train pulling out of the Grand Central Terminal when a stranger came in and dropped down beside me.

"What did you think of that business over in Jersey yesterday?" he asked me immediately.

"Great," I told him.

"You bet it was!" he said with a chuckle. "They can't beat Morrow."

Then he started telling me about the man. He was Dwight Morrow's friend.

It was a characteristic act, for it seems to me that those who are friends of the retiring Ambassador to Mexico would rather talk of him than of any other subject. They regale you with the latest account of his absent-mindedness, or his skill in placating hot-headed Latins, or something witty he has said about his entry into politics. One yarn always leads to another; they go on for hours gleefully praising the extraordinary little man whose personal charm seems to exceed even the power of his mind; and just as Mr. Morrow himself will invariably make use of a story to drive home the point he is trying to make, so do these tales throw the final revealing light on his character.

EXAMPLES of his absent-mindedness, of his utter unconsciousness of dress or external surroundings when his mind is fixed on some unsolved question, are almost without number. A dozen times men have seen him fix his secretary, Arthur Springer, with an inquiring eye after an absorbing mid-day conference and put the following solemn query:

"Arthur, have I had lunch?"

Once, at a luncheon, he became vastly absorbed in the exposition of a certain subject. While he talked, he

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ate, stuffing food into his mouth in a manner that indicated he was wholly unaware of what he was doing. At last the table was cleared, Mr. Morrow finished what he had to say, and looked down at the empty board.

"Now," he said, rubbing his hands together briskly, "let's have something to eat."

There is another tale of the time he appeared at Morgan's in a golf suit. Employees noticed but, knowing of his eccentricity, hesitated to speak. At last, however, one of them thought the matter ought to be brought to light.

"Mr. Morrow," he pointed out gravely, "you're wearing a golf suit."

The partner of J.P. Morgan looked down at his knicker-clad legs. He seemed unable to account for them at first, but finally found the explanation. "Oh, yes," he muttered apologetically, "I'm supposed to be playing with a fellow out in Englewood."

These things make men roar with laughter and grow hugely fond of him. It may even be that his trait of departing from the world around him while thinking was responsible for his becoming a banker, for it happened in a curious, accidental way.

In Englewood, on the Palisades of the Hudson River, where he has lived since he was married, there is a kind of banking community where more than one leader of finance has been aided to prominence by reason of a neighbor's recognition of his abilities. Thomas W. Lamont and the late H. P. Davison, Morgan partners, lived there, and the time came seventeen or so years ago when the firm was in need of a man of special qualities. Mr. Davison, second only to Mr. Morgan himself in command of the great house, was puzzling over the matter one day as he walked up Pine Street in the rain, when someone bumped into him. It was his Englewood neighbor, Dwight Morrow, then a lawyer of the firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett.

"There's the new partner," Davison decided instantly.

As Mr. Davison told the story it was he, lost in thought, who was responsible for the collision in the street. But there is a considerable school of opinion which holds that Morrow was the bumper and Davison the bumped. "Morrow was thinking about something," the adherents of this school will declare, and will then launch off into a string of examples in support of their contention; from that in which he boarded a train, lost his ticket and could not tell the conductor where he was going, to the other wherein he "dictated" a letter by gazing out of the window, moving his lips silently for a few minutes and then declaring curtly "yours truly." He will drive down from Mexico City to Cuernevaca, his summer home, impulsively digging at a listener's ribs, firing barely lighted cigarettes over his shoulder one after another as he expounds the elements of a situation, wholly unaware that his chauffeur, in a dash through alleys and side streets, is losing the military escort which the Mexican Government always provides against possible molestation.

Perhaps this habit of ceaselessly returning to the subject uppermost in his mind no matter whether he

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is taking a shower bath or attending a wedding, explains his extraordinary capacity for work, which far exceeds that of ordinary mortals more sensitive to the distractions of their environment. Dwight Morrow is first of all a man to come to with a problem that has snarled itself into almost inextricable knots. By his own admission, that was why Calvin Coolidge turned to Morgan's partner when our affairs with Mexico had reached the point where relations might soon have been broken off. And he attacked it in characteristic fashion, by summoning at the outset every bit of information on Mexican history, both past and present, that he could lay hands on. Now, according to Mr. Coolidge, "his information concerning Mexico is not exceeded by any other man."

Earlier, when still in business, he had similarly mastered the copper situation to the amazement of men who had spent their lives in the industry.

"His mind is an absolutely disinterested mechanism," one of his closest friends has said.

AFTER laying the foundations within himself, the Ambassador departed for Mexico City. This was, and still is, the focal point of the whole Latin-American situation, whence the poison of resentment and fear, which is always dormant in the minds of these people when they regard the "Colossus of the North," spread to Central America, where it was fed by the revolting Sandino, and throughout the continent to the South. Mr. Morrow began the reassuring process with an address to the American Chamber of Commerce, stressing the dignity of Mexican sovereignty. He declared that his headquarters should be known as the United States and not as the American Embassy, for those sensitive neighbors of ours are Americans, too, and insist upon their right to the title which we thoughtlessly claim as only ours. Then he made his first real gesture of friendliness toward Calles. Departing for the initial Presidential audience, he left the Embassy interpreter behind, to the open-mouthed surprise of his diplomatic staff, and let the Mexican provide whatever interpreting was necessary.

CALLES, naturally, was pleased. Here, he must have felt, was no suspicious representative of the "Big Stick Policy," but a man who prefers to trust those with whom he negotiates. They had a breakfast which has since become famous, another meeting or two, the complicated oil problem was attacked by Morrow as a matter of reconciling the historic Anglo-Saxon and Latin views of subsurface rights, and within two months a settlement was announced. The Ambassador had acted as a man sent to seek a just solution, not as an attorney trying to get all he could for his clients. To him both sides deserved half of the bargain, and though some of the oil men from this side of the Rio Grande demurred because he was establishing a "dangerous precedent" for the rest of Latin-America (oil men, the record amply shows, are rarely "extreme liberals"), he prevailed.

Two weeks after one quarrel had been buried, Father John Burke, General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Council, arrived at Vera Cruz for the famous secret

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meeting with Calles which was the basis of the religious settlement of fifteen months later. This was Morrow's work, this "greasing up" of stubborn machinery, this bringing together of opposing representatives to seek a common ground for negotiation. Calles, a product of the revolution, was imbued with the idea that the Church upheld the old landlords and was completely out of sympathy with the people. Perhaps accidentally, his talk with Father Burke began on the subject of the priest's welfare work in the United States. His attitude softened; this was a churchman who was in sympathy with the people. And the solution, which was essentially the democratization of the Mexican Church, the reconciliation of the old with the new, shows the touch of Dwight Morrow, the student, who if he wished could have been president of two or three universities.

By this time, the Ambassador and the President had formed the undiplomatic habit of dropping in on one another. Mr. Morrow, unannounced by telephone or messenger, would walk up to the Presidential Palace and inquire if Señor Calles could see him for a minute. A day or two later the President, with something on his mind, would make a similar unannounced visit. It was an extraordinary reversal of the habits of our previous ambassador, James R. Sheffield, who, fearing the worst perhaps, had been closeted in his office writing notes "for the record" to the number of several hundred in less than two years.

At the London Naval Conference, Mr. Morrow was true to form. According to one of those present, he spent his time trying to get the French and the English together, trying to appreciate the French point of view, "instead of calling them names, as everybody else was doing." When the conference seemed to be breathing its last, when Briand had thrown up his hands and taken the train for Paris, it was the Ambassador to Mexico who touched off the "consultative pact" suggestion which brought him back and started things off afresh.

Over and above his trait of absorbing himself in a given subject and his skill as a negotiator, he has an unyielding tenacity which makes it sometimes impossible to remove him from a task which he has set himself. At the very outset of his financial career this was conclusively demonstrated, for the invitation to become a Morgan partner, which few men would refuse, had to be profferred twice before he accepted, so great was his devotion to the law. Even after he assumed the post he was unhappy for a time at the thought of what he had left, and he still remains, at least externally, the professional man, in decided contrast to the typical American financier.

I do not know whether Mr. Hoover ever actually offered him the portfolio of Secretary of State at the time the present Cabinet was being formed, but I have been informed on good authority that Morrow was then so devoted to his work in Mexico that he would not have left it in what he considered a half-finished state. It is common knowledge that this work far transcended the ordinary diplomatic offices, for he de-

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voted himself to studying the internal affairs of a turbulent country in a manner which has few, if any, parallels in diplomatic history. Even a year later, when the opportunity came to enter politics, he laid down his present duties with a touch of regret. Another of these unnumbered anecdotes will illustrate the point.

When the New Jersey campaign had ended, weary of the nervous strain, mindful, perhaps, of what he had put aside, he sat talking with Senator David Baird, one of his staunchest supporters. Something in his own situation reminded him of a story in Herodotus and he launched into a recital of it. It was a tale of a king with a marriageable daughter who had summoned princes from many lands to sue for her hand. One, winning over his fellows in every competition, had practically become the victor when, after a glimpse of the maiden who was to be his wife, he suddenly stood on his head and waved his feet in the air.

"But for this," said the king, "you might have become my son-in-law."

THE point was, of course, that after having seen the princess he might have wed, the suitor preferred to remain single. Mr. Morrow, chuckling, with the victory then in his grasp, intimated that he could spoil his own chances only by similarly standing on his head, and then characteristically rushed off to the library for a look at Herodotus to see if he had told the story correctly. When the newspapermen appeared and caught him poring over the book, they naturally enough assumed that he had been reading Herodotus while his majority was piling up.

The next day the Ambassador presented Senator Baird, who is more of a politician than a classicist, with three enormous volumes of the Greek historian's works.

WITHIN the ensuing few months hundreds of thousands of words will be printed about Dwight Morrow. We shall be told over and over again that he was a poor boy, the son of a Pittsburgh high school principal; that he graduated from high school at fourteen and won a competitive examination for West Point only to have the appointment refused him because his brother, now General Jay J. Morrow, was already there; that he went to Amherst, formed the friendship with Coolidge and was recognized as the most brilliant man in his class; that he was the first apprentice clerk in the law office he entered ever to be paid a salary his first year; that he is Colonel Lindbergh's father-in-law; that he ties his necktie very poorly, and so on to the gradual evolution of a Morrow legend. But unlike most present-day legends, notably that of Mr. Hoover, who was built up as a superman on the one hand, though "human" on the other, it will grow of itself, unfertilized by the efforts of publicity men, those astonishing fellows whose boundless enthusiasm for anything is instantly stimulated at sight of a substantial check. "The best place to cover Mexico," a reporter told me, "is the Ambassador's study"; but in the primary campaign, when the source of news was himself and not a nation, Mr. Morrow was considerably more of an ostrich. His publicity "headquarters" were scarcely any headquarters at all, and he was inter-

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viewed only two or three times. Despite this inaccessibility, which so often irritates them, the reporters liked him tremendously.

The plain fact is that, politics or no, Dwight Morrow will not "step down," but continues to be a man whose conduct remains unshakably the same under the most severe pressure. He is not dazzled by the sight of office, nor does he need a referendum to determine the state of his mind. "He always leads you to higher ethical ground," I have been told, which on its face is a forbidding statement, suggesting a kind of evangelical figure, fired with an ascetic zeal to convert the world. This is no picture, though, of the friendly, effusive little man from Englewood, whose actions seem to proceed from no other source than an urgent inner decency, a compelling drive which forces him to see things done as rightly as possible.

And so it seems likely that he will win the election in November and go to Washington, touted too extravagantly by that time perhaps as a superman, as the leader of the Wets, and as the next President. Then the sharp-shooters at the Capitol, who do not like supermen, except themselves, will take out the ammunition they have been storing up against his appearance and start firing, but I do not think they will shoot as often as they are planning. Some of them had similar intentions a few years ago when he was scheduled to come before the Senate Committee on Foreign Loans. It all ended without bloodshed, however, and the Democrat Pat Harrison said later that Mr. Morrow was the best witness who had appeared.

At London he has already become the good friend of Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic leader and candidate for his party's Presidential nomination. It is difficult to quarrel with Dwight Morrow and more difficult still to pick holes in his armor.

A man said to me; "I think Morrow is highly overrated. He has Will Rogers in back of him and he's Lindbergh's father-in-law, which is enough to make a hero out of anybody. But what has he ever done?"

Well, let's see. He was joint author of New Jersey's first workmen's compensation laws. He was chairman of the New Jersey Prison Inquiry Commission that radically revised the State's penal legislation and introduced reforms which have been models for the rest of the country. He was a member during the war of the Allied Maritime Transport Council, which handled all Allied shipping, and Chief Civil Aid to General Pershing, who personally presented him with the Distinguished Service Medal and said he was responsible for "the first intelligent epitomization of the Allied tonnage situation," for which he was also decorated by the French, Italians and Greeks. He drafted the project by which Government credit was restored in Cuba. He was chairman of President Coolidge's Aircraft Board, which presented a unanimous report in two months' deliberating, virtually all of which became law. His work in Mexico has already been cited, while his philanthropies, his devotion to Amherst as a member of the board of trustees, and his civic endeavors in Englewood, are further evidences of his activity.

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The America's Cup

By Herbert L. Stone

The line-up of yachts ready to defend our seventy-nine years of unbroken American supremacy with the sail

On September 13 two yachts, one American and the other British, will meet in the first of a series of races for an insignificant piece of silverware which has, nevertheless, become emblematic of the world's greatest event in the realm of sport. Newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific will carry front page stories of this first race, and of the subsequent ones which will determine the fate of this ornate trophy — a product of the silversmith's art of a bygone day. Yet the great majority of those who read will know nothing of the technique of yacht racing, and there will be many who have never even seen a yacht of the size of these two doing battle for the honor of their respective countries. Just what is it, then, that has given this event the importance in the public mind that it undoubtedly holds?

There are probably many reasons. The chief, perhaps, is the tradition of seventy-nine years of continuous possession, during which our yachts and our sailors have successfully thwarted every one of the thirteen attempts made by foreign competitors to wrest the trophy from us. Then, again, as the result of all these years in which the skill of our naval architects and ship builders, and the ability of our sailors, have been pitted against the best brains of our competitors, the Cup, which bears the name of the little schooner that first won it, *America*, has come to stand for the ultimate in speed under sail; "the blue ribbon of the sea," in more popular phraseology.

To excel in the designing and handling of ships has always appealed strongly to the imagination of every nation with a seafaring background. Even when the first attempt to win the Cup from us was made in 1870 by an Englishman, James Ashbury, the challenger expressed great surprise at the interest aroused in this country by the event. There was even then a big fleet of excursion steamers, loaded to the guards with sightseers, on hand to follow the yachts over the course. It is said that on this occasion the New York exchanges were closed for the day, and that Wall Street was deserted. And this at a time when the Cup had not acquired the prestige that it now has, and when sporting events were not taken as seriously as in this generation.

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Perhaps another reason for the great interest in this year's match is the undoubted popularity in this country of the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton. This is the genial Irish baronet's fifth attempt to capture the Cup, the first having been made thirty-one years ago. His persistence has won universal admiration, and there are many who would like to see his attempt succeed this year, even at the expense of lowering our colors to a foreign flag. And yet for all his efforts to capture the trophy on which he has apparently set his heart, Sir Thomas Lipton is not a practical yachtsman. He can not sail a boat himself; indeed, if memory serves, he has never raced one of his challengers in a Cup match, and he knows nothing of the fine points of yacht racing or of yacht design. In spite of which he has been a patron of the sport ever since his first challenge in 1899, and has had a large yacht in commission and racing in English waters nearly every year since 1900, except during the dark days of the war when all yachting abroad was at a standstill. His yachts have always been raced by a professional skipper and crew, except during the last match of ten years ago, when England's leading amateur helmsman, Sir William Burton, was at the wheel.

IN ORDER fully to appreciate just what the America's Cup stands for in the eyes of American yachtsmen, and its influence on yachting on both sides of the Atlantic, we must go back to 1851 and the building of the *America*, the first yacht from this country to cross the Atlantic to race in foreign waters. In that year representations were made to the New York Yacht Club, then in existence only seven years, to send a vessel to England to meet some of the British yachts, Great Britain at that time being the foremost yachting country of the world. As the speed and seaworthiness of the Sandy Hook pilot boats had already become known across the Atlantic, it was suggested that a boat of this type be sent.

IN SPITE of the difficulties of the undertaking, Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, who had always taken a keen interest in the development and design of yachts, and who was a thorough sportsman, got together a syndicate composed of members of the club and started in to get a suitable vessel. Coming of a well-known family of Hoboken, members of which founded Stevens Institute, he had long been interested in the development of steam navigation, as well as of yachting.

Some two years before this invitation to send a vessel abroad a young ship modeler and builder, George Steers, had turned out a pilot schooner named the *Mary Taylor* that reversed all previous theories of design, discarding the full bluff bows and long easy run of the accepted type, the "cod's head and mackerel tail" form, and substituting a fine, sharp entrance, with the greatest beam farther aft, and the after-body filled out. The *Mary Taylor* had proved remarkably successful, and as Commodore Stevens had collaborated with George Steers on the new theory of design, it was natural that he should turn to him for the model of the new yacht.

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The *America* was built at the shipyard of W. H. Brown, at the foot of East Twelfth Street, New York, where Steers was employed at the time. She was a moderate-sized schooner, embodying the new theories referred to, being 90 feet long on the water and 101 feet 9 inches over all. One of the terms of the contract for her construction was to the effect that if she did not prove the fastest vessel in the United States she need not be accepted. As a matter of fact, the *America* was beaten several times by one of our "crack" sloops, the *Maria*, but the syndicate took her, after knocking off some $10,000 from the contract price on this account, and went on with their plans for the invasion of England. The little vessel made a fast passage of twenty days across the Atlantic to Havre, France, where she was refitted, and sailed for the Solent, then, as now, the centre of yachting in Great Britain.

Arriving about August 1, Commodore Stevens and his crew found considerable difficulty in getting a match race with any English yacht. They had made a "tactical error" on the day of their arrival by taking on for an impromptu brush the cutter *Laverock*, which had sailed down the Solent to meet the visitor, and in the six-mile turn to windward back to Cowes the *America* beat the *Laverock* so decisively on the wind that apparently no other British yachtsman cared to match his boat against the stranger. Finally, thinking that perhaps the stakes were not high enough (it was an age when men backed their judgment and preference with cash), the Commodore posted a challenge to sail the *America* against *any* British vessel whatsoever, for any sum from $5,000 to $50,000. Still meeting with no response, and despairing of making a match, Commodore Stevens decided to enter an open race of the Royal Yacht Squadron to be sailed on August 22, over a course of some fifty-three miles around the Isle of Wight. In this race were entered seventeen British cutters and schooners of all sizes, from 47 to 392 tons, the pick of the English yachting fleet. The race was to be sailed without time allowance for size.

On the day of the race the wind was light at the start, and the *America* was slow in getting away. Although the course was not a good one for a stranger, with heavy tides and variable, fluky winds, the American yacht started to work through the fleet once they hauled on the wind, and had no difficulty in winning, though at the end the little *Aurora* was coming up fast and was less than two miles astern of her. The prize for this race was a Cup put up by the Royal Yacht Squadron, called the Hundred Guineas Cup, by reason of its cost. After sailing one more race against the schooner *Titania*, and winning it by a wide margin, the *America* was sold in England, and Commodore Stevens and his crew came back to the United States with this Hundred Guineas Cup representing the sole proceeds of their summer's adventure. The *America* herself was not to return to the home of her birth for over ten years.

In 1857, six years after winning the Cup that has since come to bear the name of the schooner *America*, the surviving members of the syndicate that financed her building

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turned the trophy over to the New York Yacht Club to be held by that organization as a challenge cup open to competition from yachts of any foreign country, the deed of gift stating that it should be held always by the club defending it, and not by the owner of the yacht, and that it should forever remain open to competition under the terms of the deed. The race to be sailed this year will be the fourteenth in which we have been called upon to defend it, all of the challenges coming from Great Britain, except two from Canada. In all that time no challenger has been successful, Sir Thomas Lipton coming the closest to taking it in the last match, in 1920, when he had two races out of the three required to win before the defender, the *Resolute*, got going and took the succeeding three.

THE influence of the *America* on yacht design was immediately felt both abroad and in this country. The theory of sharp, concave bow sections, with the greatest beam moved aft, was soon accepted generally, and the *America's* rig, with its closely woven sails, cut much flatter than the prevailing practice, was extensively copied. But it was nineteen years before anyone challenged for the Cup, and then it was an Englishman, James Ashbury, who brought over his schooner *Cambria* to race for it. Expecting to sail a match race, the challenger was disappointed upon being forced to sail against a fleet of fourteen American yachts. Thus, the conditions of this race were very nearly the same as in the race in which the Cup was won, and of which we had complained bitterly at the time. In fact, the history of this, and of many of the subsequent races for the Cup, give a fine insight into the sporting ethics of the times. It was an age when the desire to win outweighed the dictates of sportsmanship. Anything was considered fair if it increased our chances of victory.

AS AN example of this, in the very next race, sailed in 1871, James Ashbury challenged again with a new schooner, the *Livonia*. But he objected to racing against a whole fleet after sailing 3,000 miles for a match race. So the New York Yacht Club complied with his request for a match, but reserved the right to name the defender on the day of each race, the match to consist of the best four out of seven races. Then, with rare acumen, the club proceeded to pick its two best light weather boats and its two fastest heavy weather "horses." So, when the morning of each race came, the Committee sized up the weather and proceeded to pick its representative accordingly. The poor challenger did not have a look-in. Again, some years later, when Canada challenged for the Cup, and asked for some guaranty that its yacht would not have to sail against a whole fleet, the Club admitted the justice of the request, only to be berated by the press of the country. One yachting writer thus scathingly rebuked the officers of the New York Yacht Club:

> Any craft challenging for this Cup, in our opinion, should sail against all of her class that can be mustered, and therefore these single-handed matches, and also the waiving of any conditions named in the deed of trust, constitute a bad precedent. It is an axiom of sport that "a good match is won when made," and really your yachting friends, guardians of the America's Cup, do not shine as match makers.

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According to the deed of gift (there have been several deeds since the original one) the challenger was also required nearly a year in advance to give the exact dimensions of his proposed contender, which could not be exceeded in any particular; and then, with these figures to guide us, we could proceed to build any kind of a boat we desired in order to beat her, something which never proved very difficult under the circumstances.

But with the passing of time and with the development of a different view of the ethics of the game, a more liberal attitude was adopted, and the races of the last thirty years have left the challenger little to complain of in the matter of terms. And this year marks a still further advance in the way of liberal terms towards the challenger. Instead of asking him to give the required dimensions of his proposed yacht, the America's Cup Committee proposed to Sir Thomas that, rather than build to a specified water line length, he should build to one of our regular open rating classes, and offered, in case this was done, to meet him with a boat of the same rating and sail the match boat-for-boat, instead of with the customary time allowance for difference in rating, as in the past. Sailing with time allowance has never been satisfactory, and is but little understood by the general public, which can not see in a yacht race why the first boat to finish should not be the winner.

This offer Sir Thomas and his advisers accepted, and chose Class J, or 76 feet rating. With the terms of the match thus settled, we then proceeded to build four defenders, each rating 76 feet, or just under it. For the uninitiated, this rating of 76 feet does not mean that the yachts are 76 feet in length. As a matter of fact, our four yachts vary from 80 to 86 feet on the water line, and from 121 to 130 feet over all, while their displacement (weight) ranges from 128½ to 158 tons, all of the boats having about the same sail area, approximately 7,550 square feet. But from the measurement formula of our rule, which takes into consideration length, sail area, and displacement, the resulting rating of each works out at 76 feet. The *Shamrock V*, challenger, is not far from the dimensions given above, being 81 feet long on the water, 120 feet over all, 134 tons displacement. She carries 7,540 square feet of canvas in her working sails.

While the *America* was built and campaigned by a syndicate, most of the Cup defenders and challengers that came after her were owned by individuals until the *Vigilant*, of 1893. With her coming, the cost of building and running a Cup yacht through a campaign had become so great that not many individuals cared to shoulder the burden, and recourse was had to syndicate ownership. In the case of the four defenders of this year, it is estimated that the total cost of building and running each will be between $700,000 and $800,000, with very little salvage on the boat after the races are over. And this is quite a figure for even a wealthy sportsman to carry for a year's racing. So four syndicates were formed and the work of producing four suitable defenders commenced.

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Since the last Cup match ten years ago the situation in regard to yacht designing in America had undergone a great change. Both Nathaniel Herreshoff, who had turned out all our defenders since 1893, and William Gardner, who designed the contender *Vanitie* in 1914, had retired. None of our younger naval architects had had any experience in yachts of America's Cup size, although they had all turned out many successful smaller yachts under our rule. There remained Clinton H. Crane, a naval architect of wide experience who had not been practising his profession for many years but who had designed many fast smaller yachts as an avocation during the past few years.

So one of the four syndicates sought out Mr. Crane and he agreed to turn out a boat for the defense. This is the *Weetamoe*, for the syndicate headed by George Nichols and Junius S. Morgan. The former will manage and sail the yacht throughout the season, and in the Cup match if she is finally selected.

Of the other syndicates, the one headed by Harold S. Vanderbilt turned to W. Starling Burgess, whose father, Edward Burgess, designed the successful defenders *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* in 1885, 1886, and 1887. His boat is the *Enterprise*, and Mr. Vanderbilt is sailing her. The *Weetamoe* and the *Enterprise* were built at the Herreshoff plant at Bristol where so many of our Cup defenders of the past took shape.

The New England syndicate, composed of Boston yachtsmen, went to a Boston designer, Frank C. Paine, and he turned out the *Yankee*, of which John S. Lawrence is manager. The Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, is sailing this yacht in her trials, and as he was in charge of the *Resolute* in her defense of the Cup in 1920 it is likely he will be aboard her in the Cup match if she is chosen.

The fourth boat, the *Whirlwind*, is for another New York syndicate, headed by Landon K. Thorne and Paul Hammond. For the design they went to L. Francis Herreshoff, a son of the famous "Nat" Herreshoff, of Bristol. This boat is, perhaps, the most radical of the four. She is a double-ender, with a long pointed stern, is the largest boat of the quartette, and has the greatest displacement. She should be at her best in a breeze of wind, but strong breezes have been rare during the trials up to the time this is written. In the one such chance she had to show what she could do, the head board of her mainsail pulled out and she had to retire ignominiously. This boat, also, is the only one of the four built of wood, the others having bronze plating over steel frames. It has a double planking of wood over steel frames, which is also the construction of the challenger, the *Shamrock V.* The two boats last named were built at the yard of George Lawley and Son, Boston.

Some criticism has developed in the matter of the extremely light rigs on all our defenders. This was to be anticipated, for the four boats have the tallest masts ever seen on yachts of their length, the spars being hollow, and from 162 to 168 feet in length, all in a single stick with no topmast. The temptation to overdo

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on the side of lightness was great, as there are no restrictions on the thickness of spars, weight of rigging, or canvas. This seems the one weak point of this year's Cup yachts, and many doubts are being expressed as to whether these tall, light spars can be kept in the boats in a whole sail breeze and a jump of sea such as may be met on the Block Island course in any of the series of four out of seven races the yachts will have to sail.

It would be a great shame if, after providing for sturdy, substantial hull construction, we should by any chance lose the Cup we have held for seventy-nine years because spars and rigs did not prove equal to the strain. If this should happen, or if any of the Cup races had to be called off, as one was in 1920, because the wind happened to be piping at a merry 22-knot clip, there would be much heartburning among yachtsmen, and a justifiable howl of protest from the American public that our yachts were mere playthings and not worthy descendants of the brave schooner that sailed across the Atlantic to win the Cup in 1851.

Sea Bird

By Charles Ballard

I am a voice out of wave and cloud,
A word flung over bright salt spray,
A white flash under a sudden sun
Striking across green wastes.
I am one with the roving wind and sleepless sea.
Down the swift purple hollows I sink — am lost
And born again.

I am a cry
Out of wet rocks — a lament
Off bitter sands.
I am not I —
Only space —
And wind and spray!

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Hills in the Valley

By John Pell

A Hopeful Look at Business

A depression is like a valley. It lay beyond the hill all along, of course, but while we were climbing we could not see ahead or down, only up into the clouds. They were gold and silver, fascinating clouds. Our eyes were fixed on them. But suddenly we felt dizzy. We were falling at an incredible pace. With our eyes still fixed on the fascinating clouds we had walked over the edge of the precipice. We fell and fell, as we had done before in dreams. We landed in a heap, aching from head to foot. The clouds had vanished, there was nothing anywhere in sight but desert. We groaned a little and then tried to stand up. Finding we could, we tried to walk. That was successful too, though it hurt and progress was slow. However, we trudged on across the desert, feeling blue and thirsty — too tired to consider the sudden disappearance of the golden clouds. At last, however, we began to look around. There were hills in the valley. In spite of the surrounding desert, some of them were high, green hills, covered with those beautiful exotic flowers we had grown used to when we were climbing before the fall. Some even had patches of melons.

So we began to take bearings. The desert seemed endless — sand, sand, sand. The only animals in sight were bears, sniffing and pawing around the edges of the hills. It was the hills which finally attracted our attention. In a desert, after all, sand is commonplace — bad news is no news in a depression. It is the hue and cry of the mob. But good news is exciting, oases, hills in the valley. In spite of general conditions, so and so is doing better than he did last year. He is worth watching. People are poorer but they are buying more of Whosis's novelties than ever before — Why?

Let us try to analyze the desert. How wide is it, how dry? People no longer talk about the weather, they talk about the depression. They watch its symptoms with glee. They bemoan the pains of poverty with all the relish of an appendix victim.

In studying the effects of poverty, where shall we begin? With the luxuries of course. During the boom we did not gloat over the fact that we could afford more food than we could eat. We spent our surplus on luxuries. Logically then, if our surplus has been reduced, we are spending less on luxuries. How can that be tested? By

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studying the earnings of companies which sell luxuries?

The greatest American luxury, you will agree, is the Movie. Poor movie magnates, they must be starving! The public has lost its surplus, it has to stay home evenings and play the piano or discuss literature. But does it?

The industry as a whole expects to set a new record of prosperity this year. Out of eleven leading companies, eight have shown better share earnings for the first quarter this year than the corresponding period of last!

WELL, well, how extraordinary! There must be a catch. There is. Talkies. They have given the movies a new lease of life. In spite of our poverty, we clamor for more and louder talkies. We would go without dinner if we had to for talkies.

But we don't have to. The figures show that more dinners are being bought (and presumably consumed) this year than last. Bigger dinners, too. Childs Restaurants, the most famous purveyor of dinners, expects to show a one hundred per cent increase in net earnings for the first half of this year. Of course commodity prices and management changes enter in, but hungry customers must be entering in too, for competitors are prospering as well. The Waldorf System, B/G Sandwich shops and Bickford's have all beaten last year's first half earnings, and Willow Cafeterias have just completed a record June.

Commodity prices have helped make these showings, of course, but if they are the main factor the food wholesalers must be passing the benefits on to their customers and doing poorly themselves. But this is not the case. General Foods, United Fruit, United Biscuit, and Borden, four of the largest food wholesalers, covering diverse fields, all report improved earnings for the first half of this year as compared with the first half of last.

NOW it may be argued that these figures are merely an indication of the away-from-the-home movement which is sweeping the country. Restaurants are prospering because people have given up eating at home. Well, the home lovers will be pleased to know that there are some bright spots among the food distributors who cater to the housewife. A & P, the greatest of these, during the month of June this year showed an increase of fifteen per cent in tonnage distribution, as compared with last year. For the first six months, American Stores, Dominion Stores, First National Stores, Grand Union Stores, and Safeway Stores, all chain grocers, each reported a sales increase over last year. Even such widely diversified specialties as Hershey Chocolate and International Salt show improved earnings. The American housewife has not abandoned the kitchen. She has converted it into a kitchenette!

In spite of the depression, then, we are eating as much as ever and going to more movies. How do we do it? We must have cut out something. Is it tobacco? The American Tobacco company has just split its stock and declared an extra dividend. With the discovery that Queen Mary smokes, the company expects to do even better next half year. What then?

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One of the great American luxuries is bubbles. Water is just as refreshing without bubbles, but the American public won't drink it unless it comes in a bottle with color, sugar and bubbles. Now bubbles would be a really sensible luxury to abandon in such a time as this. The money we put into bubbles would pay our stock market losses in no time. Let us investigate. Liquid Carbonic, which manufactures more bubbles than any other concern, reports for the last eight months a ten per cent increase in sales over the like period of the previous year. White Rock, for the first half, shows a gain of a hundred thousand dollars in net profit. Coca Cola has just completed its record first half. Even Lily-Tulip, which makes the cups from which we drink our bubbles, and Anchor Cap, which caps the bottles in which they come, are showing better earnings than last year.

HAVE you ever heard of snuff? Perhaps you have seen your great-great-grandfather's snuff-box. Did you by any chance think that snuff had gone out of use? Send for a report of the American Snuff Company. Its net operating earnings were over two million dollars last year, and during the first quarter of this, its sales showed a decided upswing.

If the habits of our forefathers have lingered, we have at least produced some new ones — chewing gum, for instance. Our most American philosopher, Will Rogers, chews as much as he thinks. Perhaps it is the added need of philosophy that is holding up chewing gum sales this year. Each of our three great chewing gum concerns, William Wrigley, American Chicle and National Licorice, reports record earnings for the first half of this year.

America is the land of mass production. We record our consumption of chewing gum by the millions of tons, and our intellectual progress in the same way. The entire reading matter of most of us consists of daily newspapers. Statistics for the first five months of this year show that the North American production of newsprint aggregated 1,771,879 tons, only nine thousand tons less than were produced in the corresponding 1929 period. The intellectual condition of the country may be reported as in good shape.

IN SPITE of the business depression, then, the American public, or a large part of it, is apparently eating, drinking, smoking, chewing, sneezing, playing and thinking as much as ever — living on a scale incomparably higher than that of any other people at any other time. Perhaps that is the trouble. We're spoiled. We cry over conditions which would look to anybody else like the last word in comfort and luxury, because our paper profits have disappeared and because some short-sighted manufacturers were fooled by these paper profits into overproduction.

As a matter of fact, a glance at the figures of new contracts discloses that the great majority of our business executives are intelligent and far-sighted. Although for the month of June the contracts for residential buildings were about half what they were last year, the contracts for public works and utilities were nearly two and a half times as large as the year before, bringing the total above

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that of 1929. In other words, while speculators and the blind sheep who keep them alive wallowed in pessimism, far-sighted executives utilized cheap money rates and at the same time aided unemployment by building for the future.

Now the far-sightedness of corporate executives is all very well, but it is of no value unless it receives public backing, because the public pays the bills. How is the building programme for this year being financed? By issuing stocks and bonds and selling them to the public. But if the public thinks the country is going to the dogs, it will not invest in its future. Well, the public doesn't think so. In the past six months it has invested more money precisely this way than in any like period in history, some two hundred millions more than last year!

In spite of the Wall Street tradition, the public is not really dumb. The Wall Street tradition arises from the fact that only the dumb part of the public speculates; the majority part invests, and intelligently. It did not buy over three billion dollars' worth of bonds in the first half of this year without good cause. It knew that in spite of all the talk about the panic and the depression, the corporations of the country actually paid out more money in dividends in the first half of this year than in the corresponding period of last — nearly forty million more. Of course this is largely the result of last year's earnings, but directors who foresee a serious falling off of earnings withhold boom profits in their reserve.

The bond buying ability of the public indicates not only its psychology but its prosperity. People who are living from hand to mouth do not rent safe-deposit boxes. There are other indications of public prosperity. More life insurance has been written so far this year than last — a fact which can be only partly due to Calvin Coolidge's entry into the field. Foreign loans in the first five months exceeded those of last year. The savings banks report a steady increase in deposits.

It is conceivable that baby went without shoes so that its parents might eat and go to the movies, but even the charms of the average bond salesman could hardly account for buying bonds instead of shoes. As a matter of fact, the shoe industry does not seem to be worried. Three of the largest units — International Shoe, Florsheim, and Brown Shoe — report improved earnings over last year. Likewise, two of the large clothing concerns — Associated Apparel Industries, and Adams-Mills — report better earnings than last year. The New York area department store sales for the first time in months were up five per cent. Macy's is said to be benefiting directly from the stock market collapse because many of its customers, who graduated to Fifth Avenue last year, are back again. Best's is benefiting from the charming Best Twins who smile disdainfully from the pages of the haughtier periodicals. Many potential customers are undoubtedly attracted into the store in the hope of finding out whether the "twins" are really twins, while some are in the hope of finding out their telephone number. But the real test of economic

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stability is the white collar class. Is it increasing or diminishing? The Cluett-Peabody Company, manufacturers of the Arrow Collar which established the standards of male beauty for America, reports increased earnings for the first six months. Again, falling cotton prices must have helped, but you can not make profits without sales. The white collar class is holding its own.

MONEY consists of gold or some substitute for it, some piece of paper which one is satisfied may be converted into gold with a reasonable amount of trouble. Yet the prosperity of the country is not only judged by the quantity of gold within its borders, but also by the circulation of gold and its imaginary substitute, commonly known as credit. People who are frightened (and some people are always frightened) hoard their gold, hide it away in stockings and cellars, instead of sending it out into the world to earn its keep.

If the gold owners of the country had read carefully the financial advice offered them in the last month or so, and believed it, they would have gathered their gold together and buried it in the ground. Now the American Bank Note Company specializes in the manufacture of paper for credit purposes. Since its earning power depends on the circulation of credit, its profit and loss statement should be some indication of credit conditions. Its recently published six months' report shows a slight gain in net profits over last year.

With our circulating credit, then, we are still buying food, clothing and amusement. Is that all? What about the home — is it going to rack and ruin? Is the nation living on park benches and under haystacks? Suppose that it is. That would account for the fact that the Consolidated Laundries Company, which destroys more dirt than any other organization in the world (including the Watch and Ward), is breaking last year's record for earnings, as well as Procter and Gamble and Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. More dirt, more laundry, more soap, so to speak. But would it account for the fact that the Auto Strop Razor Company and the Kelvinator Company are also doing record business? Kelvinator's record indicates, of course, the shift from ice boxes to ice machines, but, curiously enough, the American Ice Company established in May an all-time record of business for the month. It is said that competition from the ice machines has stimulated advertising and efficiency in the ice industry. In other words, improvement and competition helped everybody. This instance should be carefully noted by those who are opposing the Socialistic tendencies in economic legislation.

THERE seems to be no adequate survey of salaries, so they will have to be passed by. With that exception, it appears that those industries which supply the legitimate needs and tastes of the Average American Family (and remember that its standards are the highest which the world has ever seen) are prospering. Of course there are serious tangles in certain industries, but they have resulted from technical conditions within the industries and not from reduced public buying power, the cause of real depressions.

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The great automobile industry is aching from head to foot, but if you think the public is not buying, price a few second hand cars. Ford Motors Limited and Ford of Canada, which represent the public's participation in the great Ford Company, have both been put on a dividend basis this year! The consumption of electric power in the first six months of this year exceeded last year's by seven per cent. The shipyards of the country are the busiest they have been since 1921. The steel industry, which is supposed to be tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, shows at least two companies earning more than last year — Blaw-Knox and American Chain. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose stock can be bought $100 cheaper than last year, showed increased earnings for the first half of this year over the like period of last. Its president, Walter Gifford, reports an increase in the number of long distance calls — but that is probably due to excited brokers calling for margins!

It is, after all, the speculators who brought about the fall, and it is they who are suffering. Men who commuted in yachts last summer are riding in the subway this. That of course accounts for the fact that both the Brooklyn-Manhattan and the Brooklyn and Queens Transit companies show improved earnings this year. But it does not explain the statement in *The Wall Street Journal* that one of the largest yacht dealers in the country estimates an increase of fifteen per cent in this year's business over last, and that his increase is not at the expense of competitors. As a symptom of depression, we are preparing for the world's most expensive sporting event— the America's Cup race — by building four contestants for the honor of competing in the event. Never mind how much that cost. The new *Corsair*, launched this summer for J. P. Morgan, is said to be the world's most luxurious yacht — though it can not exceed, in charm and comfort, Commodore James's *Aloha*.

Now it may be said that deductions should not be made from individual cases or the reports of individual companies, that industries should be regarded as a whole. But this is an account of particular cases, of hills in the valley. If there are so many hills in sight, the tidal wave or river or glacier which made the valley can not have been a very forceful one. Perhaps it was really only a gust of wind which laid the grass and flowers flat. After a few fresh nights and sunny days they will be straight and strong again. There are really arid spots in sight, but the country as a whole is not prostrate. We seem to love excesses, to let ourselves be preyed upon by dreams. Last year we imagined a paper boom, this year a paper depression.

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Over the Narrow Acres

By Anne Blackwell Payne

If, to remain desirable and dear
To you, I must affect an unconcern;
And shield my lantern lest the path shine clear
And straight ahead without a trick or turn,
Illumined and direct; if to insure
Your steadfastness and zeal, I must pretend
It difficult and strange and insecure —
You need not be my lover nor my friend.
As I have no apology nor shame
For any flower that blossoms in my yard,
I will not cloud my constancy, disclaim
And dull the royal shade of my regard:
Neither dispel with apathy nor art
The shadow of your loss upon my heart.

Because you may not love me seems no reason
That even reticence should not despise,
At this unthrifty and most gracious season,
The chary admonitions of the wise.
I know them all. I learned them long ago.
Tell not your love nor give your heart away.
Still I can hear the stingy counsels blow.
Tomorrow I may listen; not today.
I call you dearest and it makes a sound,
For me at least, that thrushes can not shame.
Trumpet and flute and 'cello all are drowned
Beneath the better music of your name.
It is my anthem for an April hour
That hinders not a leaf nor curbs a flower.

Henceforth I may be something less to you,
For even in this luminous year of grace,
The proper pedestal my grandma knew
Is not entirely quaint, and woman's place
Not yet a legend. Sires that bore your name
Guarded frontiers you scarcely would revise,
Where maid might be a moon but not a flame,
And had no words for loving but replies.
My self-esteem is scanty frost to kill
The words that rise and bloom upon my mouth.
And prudence is a murmur growing still,
Defeated by a wind that's from the south.
Love is a wilful steed on which I ride
Over the narrow acres of my pride.

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Alexandra Kollontay

By Katharine Anthony

The World's One Woman Ambassador

Alexandra Kollontay remembers that as a child she was conscious of an unusual destiny. The self-assurance manifested thus early has carried through until today she occupies a unique position in the world. As Plenipotentiary Representative of the U. S. S. R. to Norway, she is the only woman diplomatist in international politics. Coming from the far North of Russia — St. Petersburg and Finland are her background — she is not a Muscovite but a European Russian, and that means, among other things, that she is temperamentally inclined to Internationalism. Her skill as a diplomatist rests partly on that fact.

Along the wide, tree-planted Drammensveien of Oslo stands a row of stately villas which house the envoys of foreign countries in Norway. A brass shield on one of them proclaims in Russian lettering the name of the Soviet Republic. Within, in a set of busy offices, with typewriters clicking, messengers scurrying, telephones ringing, a complicated business is carried on under the direction of a woman executive. As you enter her office, a pair of large gray eyes, thoughtful to the point of sadness, is raised to greet you, but a quick smile assures you that the owner has no need of sympathy. You present your business — whatever it is that brought you — and you feel at once in contact with an overflowing energy. In the spacious, quiet office, secretaries come and go, speaking several languages — what people these Russians are! Alexandra Kollontay herself speaks eleven — bringing more letters and documents to the already heaped-up desk. Presently the telephone rings and Her Excellency interrupts her conversation with you, in whatever language that may happen to have been conducted, to converse in fluent Norwegian. There is something electric and modern about her, impossible to define — something swift and efficient in keeping with our post-war age.

"I can telephone to my son from this desk," she says, pointing to the instrument. He is, as you learn in passing, an engineer at work on a hydro-electric enterprise in the mountains of Sweden.

Alexandra Kollontay's childish conviction of being "chosen" may have been partly due to the fact that she was the offspring of a romantic

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union, subsequently legalized. It was probably also an awareness of her unusual powers. She was never sent to school, and thereby hangs a tale of irony. Her mother, who was a conservative parent, was afraid of the effect of a public school on her daughter, especially as Alexandra was already given to too much independence. So she employed a governess who successfully prepared the student at home for her university entrance examinations but who also planted in her growing mind the seeds of revolution. The governess, whose name was Marie Strachova and whose memory is honored by her pupil to this day, was a member of the intellectual revolutionary movement of the 'Eighties. She gave young Alexandra an interest that prepared the way for the future ardent Marxian.

From the beginning Alexandra Kollontay was that rare thing in Russia, a feminist. Although she looks scornfully upon bourgeois woman's rights, no one has spoken, written, or striven more industriously than she has to win place and recognition for her sex as such. The work that she has done for women in Russia is really phenomenal and, although she gives due credit to Lenin, Trotzky, and Sverdlov for their assistance, it is obvious from the nature of the circumstances that she has done it almost entirely alone. Her Marxian comrades were slow to admit the working woman into the working class, and it was mainly the persistence of the educational campaign carried on by Kollontay that eventually led them to do it. She formed the first Russian working women's club in St. Petersburg in 1907, several of the charter members of which are now in prominent and responsible Government positions. From the working women's club sprang working women's journals, women's trade unions, international affiliations. Through it all the tireless organizer flew back and forth like a shuttle finding its intricate but steady way through the pattern of a newer and a better life for women. She finally brought it so far that both branches of her party — Menshevik and Bolshevik — seriously took up the woman question in their programmes. This seemed to her, says Kollontay, almost like a personal honor, which it undoubtedly was.

Alexandra Kollontay has always had a tendency toward the left. When the Bolshevik party declared against the war in 1915, she cast her lot with them. When the New Economic Policy was in turn adopted by the same party, she became a leader of the workers' opposition. The speech which she made at that Soviet Congress can no longer be circulated in Russia and for reasons that are apparent. Its cogent, cutting criticism of the new policy and its sponsors and its moving eloquence on behalf of the workers is too dangerously effective. What must have been the feelings of Lenin when she turned to him as her last hope for the Russian working-class! "Ilyich will ponder, think over, listen to us," she said, speaking for the rank and file, "and then will decide to turn the party rudder toward the opposition. Ilyich will be with us yet." To him as to this pleader for the least of the

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Russians the ultimate decision must have been a deadly blow. They bowed to it; but for Kollontay it made exile welcome and for Lenin it meant — but let us not read tragedy into that heroic life.

INSTEAD of going to a university as she was prepared to do at the age of sixteen, Alexandra Kollontay was married early. So much her parents effected, though she refused to take the kind of husband they wished to provide for her. She married her own choice, a young cousin, an engineer, and had a son by him. But marriage and maternity played small part in her life. She continued to read and study, chiefly in the field of economics, and attached herself to secret groups of the like-minded. Her young husband and kinsman had no part in these enthusiasms. Beyond his name she took nothing from him into her future life. Kollontay herself says that no man who ever stood close to her influenced her point of view. "On the contrary," she asseverates, "mine was always the ruling one."

Finally she left her home, husband and child to go to Zürich and study. Zürich was the Mecca of the rebellious in those days and this newest emigrée to be added to the colony was the focus of all the discords of her time. The revolt of a small nation, the wrath of the down-trodden workers, the rising of women against slavery, the struggle of the ignorant for enlightenment, of the oppressed for freedom, of the stifled for self-expression — all flared up at once in the breast of this pilgrim. But the blue and white city, with its placid lake and sparkling air, must have had a calming effect on the tumult within her, for she studied to good purpose, acquiring method, learning, and the power of prolonged industry. For three years she remained there studying, though at last she left without her doctor's degree. All the training she had gained during this sojourn was placed henceforth at the service of the Socialist party, which she joined officially on her return to Russia.

INDEFATIGABLE student, she has that genius for detail which goes with the highest order of intellect. She has done heroic things in research. Her first literary and scientific achievement was a study of the *Life and Work of the Finnish Proletariat*. It was the fruit of her Zürich training and her childhood days in Finland. Her next work was *The Social Basis of the Woman Question*, which, appearing in 1908 when all the world was vibrating to the shock of the English militants, aroused much popular interest. Even the Russian women were stirred enough to make this book of Kollontay's a popular success. Her monumental work, however, came later when she published *Motherhood and Society*, the Russian edition of which fills six hundred pages. Alexandra Kollontay had been delegated as an expert by her colleagues in the Duma, that passing attempt at a Russian Parliament, to make a study of maternity protection laws as far as they existed. Her survey covered all of Europe and Australia and concluded with practical recommendations which were wasted on the Duma but were snapped up by Norway. Even in countries like our own, which is still

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far from following her recommendations, the study became known as a hand-book on the subject. Social workers who were interested in infant and maternity welfare learned at least to know the name of Alexandra Kollontay. Her book was an enduring contribution with an international mission. No other author and no other country have produced its equivalent. It remains a classic in the field, a unique contribution, for which some internationally-minded group should strike off a medal.

THERE is an aspect of Alexandra Kollontay's life to which only an expert in mystery stories could do justice. We in America need to remember that she was brought up under a régime in which ideas were contraband and thinking was treason. In order to live at all, for to a personality like Kollontay's thinking is as necessary as breathing, she was obliged to learn the art of underground travel. She began in the illegal societies for popular enlightenment, progressed to the outlawed Socialist party, and next attained the status of a political traitor. A fiery pamphlet on the Finnish question procured her the last. "I was obliged to vanish in all haste," she says, "and never saw my home again." Nevertheless she attended a Woman's Congress in St. Petersburg the following December, or, at least, a part of it. "I was obliged to flee before the end," she notes. Her life henceforth shows the wandering trail of exile. She traveled from land to land. She has probably been active in more countries than any political character of our time. In 1911, she was in a Paris strike and gave a course of lectures in Bologna; in 1912, she was in the Borinage in Belgium, and with the youth movement of Sweden in opposing militarism; in 1913, she was in England breasting an anti-Semitic outbreak. The war overtook her in Berlin, but she soon left Germany for the neutral ground of Sweden. In 1915, she spent five months in America, covering the country from coast to coast in a lecture tour. She knows more about the United States than any other Communist standard-bearer with the possible exception of Trotzky. And through all her varied life of exile, she never adopted, as did many of her male colleagues, a fictitious cognomen. She has always remained "Kollontay."

AFTER sixteen years of political activity, much of it as an agitator, after being once shipwrecked almost into the hands of the enemy, it remained for her to be first arrested for antiwar propaganda. This happened in her trusted Sweden. Long years' experience had given her a feeling of immunity. "I had felt so safe," she says, "that I had taken charge of Shlapnikov's papers. Under the eyes of the police I succeeded in sticking them under my blouse and causing them to disappear." She was sent to a Swedish prison and from there to a Danish jail. By some turn of fortune, she arrived in Oslo a free woman and before the local police had time to pounce upon her, she had solved her problem. In a little wooden hostelry, like a camp in the Adirondacks, on the top of the Holmenkollen, she took up her residence. Beneath her lay Oslo and the glittering sound, spread out in

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full view, but the sphere of the Oslo police did not reach up to her. The mountain top belongs to the next rural district and the police there ignored her. "They let me stay," says Kollontay gratefully, "they just did not bother."

SMALL wonder that she loves Norway and feels at home there at present. The city which once banished Ibsen has redeemed itself by welcoming this companion of his spirit. As Ambassador, she has met with great success. Step by step, she has furthered the commercial and political relations between Soviet Russia and Norway until at last they have become normal. When the trade agreement of 1926 was finally ratified by both Governments, the conscientious envoy felt she should then go elsewhere and start at the bottom again. The logical place was Mexico, and thither as Ambassador she was accordingly sent. But the long sea-voyage exhausted and handicapped her and the unaccustomed climate failed to restore her. The United States refused her entrance, and the unfriendly conditions on all sides caused her to pine. It became necessary for her health's sake to leave Mexico, and, circumstances favoring it, she returned to Norway. There in the midst of an amiable and democratic people, she has become herself again.

Literature has always attracted her. Like all great personalities, she can dream as well as act. At the height of her career, she turned from economic and revolutionary subjects to write on the subject of modern love. Her stories contain glimpses of old St. Petersburg on the Neva, combined with the stark realism of new Russia. Her themes are emotional. Perhaps few Americans would enjoy them unreservedly for they have the true Russian quality, a bold reaching back into the primitive from which we Americans shrink. In her fiction Alexandra Kollontay returns to her own country. One meets in her stories an entirely different woman from the one we have come to know in public life: Alexandra Michaelovna, a child of her race.

AN ESSAY on the same subject as her novels brought maledictions down upon her head. Many Bolsheviks are Puritans in the bad sense of the term. Alexandra Kollontay's attempt to state the sex question for youth was a stroke for realism which should have been more appreciated. Like her efforts on behalf of mothers and children in the early days of the Revolution, her championship of youth was misunderstood. In a world which had suddenly turned upside down, the rising generation was striving desperately to orientate itself, a pathetic human struggle which only rare souls like Kollontay were even aware of. Women had played the part of men throughout three years of horror — had been sappers, soldiers, police, generals, and had grown used to it. Afterwards in the new-born society they had had to work like men, shoulder to shoulder with them. In the cities, crowding — one room for three persons, *et cetera* — had become usage. Among the young people, both students and workers, had sprung up a kind of free relationship, a so-called new morality. Youth was

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only as usual carrying on tradition, but it was a new tradition created in storm and stress. While some of it was due to abnormal conditions, some of it was wholesome and Kollontay was only trying to separate the wheat from the chaff. But her attempt to thresh the problem met with violence and opprobrium.

She was in danger several times of being mobbed. The famous legend about the nationalization of women which was bruited about in this country was bruited about just as noisily in Russia, with the sole difference that here the Communist Government and there Alexandra Kollontay was made the scapegoat. About this time a private sorrow interfered with her public life, the one and only instance in her history of such a thing's happening. Nevertheless it led to her retirement as Commissioner of Public Welfare and gave courage to those enemies who love to kick the fallen. "Frequently," says she, "I was obliged to spring out of the tramway before the people recognized me, for I had become a veritable topic of the day and was often forced to listen to the most unbelievable insults and calumnies against me."

Persecution added to unhappiness the last straw and the splendid fighter of so many battles became dejected and ill. But soon the battered citadel reared itself again. With colors flying and pennants streaming, Kollontay resumed her place in the vanguard of her country. Packing her trunks with books, selecting her secretaries, and clinching a coöperative consul, she set forth cheerfully for Norway, once more a pioneer. The job which she has done there bears testimony to her youthfully expanding powers and is a precedent as well for envoys in general. She has turned a position which is often a mere mark of honor into a stiff employment.

And so the large-eyed little maiden who once played with the peasant children on her grandfather's estate, no doubt ruling them rather grandly, though she resented even then the fact that their food and clothes were different from hers; the avid pupil of Marie Strachova; the immature young wife and mother slamming the door of her doll's house for the life of a student; the ardent disciple of Marx and Lenin; the wanderer, the exile, who at last entered the promised land only to be cast forth again; the committeewoman of Smolny and the foreign organizer of business and trade relations; the philosopher who looks back and says that the gain was worth the cost; and — lastly — the emerging artist taking her sensitive first steps: — all these personalities and still more are united in Alexandra Kollontay, Russia's Ambassador to Norway. She wrote recently in a memoir: "In earliest years I knew that to follow the true bent of my life I must outgrow myself." She has done this, gloriously, not once but several times.

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Right Off the Boat

By Phelps Haviland Adams

What goes on in spite of the fact that the Coast Guard doggedly continues to board and search vessels

The very first day that the first government made the first law prohibiting trade in the first contraband article, the first man embraced the ancient and picturesque profession of smuggling and clasped it to his bosom with a fervent hold that has never since been relinquished. Just what that day was is not a matter of record, for on that day, the first historian had not yet been born.

Down through the ages such men have labored in the still of night, in the dark of the moon, matching their skill and cunning against the best of every nation, and have safely landed their forbidden cargoes on every inhabited shore, just as their rum running descendants are doing today.

They have smuggled monuments, slaves, aliens and brides; cattle from the Channel Islands, merino sheep from Spain, white elephants from Siam, and camels, into the United States. They have even succeeded in running a fully-equipped cruiser out of San Francisco Bay and into a South American port. Neither the size nor the character of their illicit cargoes has, it appears, ever deterred them. The most powerful and best organized governments have been unable to do more than hamper their movements.

The two favorite items of contraband, however, are diamonds and liquor. Vast organizations have been built up for the sole purpose of smuggling these two things, and the business, until recently at least, has been carried on with profit and success.

With the enactment of the new tariff law last June, diamond smuggling in the United States was stopped, and the great organizations which had operated with bases in Antwerp and Brussels were virtually disrupted — not because the customs force had captured its ancient enemies but because the Government surrendered to them and lowered the duties. For a century and a half the customs had employed every known means to stamp out smuggling, and a few years ago a special "Diamond Squad" was established in New York. Huge sums of money were spent in the work but, in spite of everything that could be done, the illicit gems continued to pour into the country. Merchants purchasing

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gems abroad took them to smuggling syndicates in Belgium, and by paying twelve per cent of the wholesale value insured safe delivery in America, escaped the duty of twenty per cent, and saved the remaining eight per cent on the transaction.

Finally, yielding to the demands of reputable jewellers whose business was suffering from the activity of unscrupulous dealers who were cutting prices and selling smuggled gems, Congress removed the duty on uncut diamonds, and lowered the rates on cut diamonds to ten per cent, so that smugglers could no longer operate profitably.

Congress, however, shows no inclination to remove alcoholic beverages from the list of contraband, and for the present at least, the fight with the rum runners must go on.

Liquor running is by no means a new occupation. As long ago as 1769, the authorities in Philadelphia seized a cargo of Madeira wine and impounded it. Hijackers stole it from the warehouse in which it had been stored and word was passed among the residents of the town that some excellent wine was to be had at greatly reduced prices.

Before the consignment could be sold, however, some snoopers told the authorities where their missing evidence might be found, but the sedate community was so thoroughly aroused by this that a mob was organized and the informers were seized, pilloried, tarred and feathered, and driven out of town.

The business in those days, however, was a desultory one, poorly financed, and haphazard in its methods. Not until Prohibition created the great American thirst did it become organized along modern lines and prepared for mass production.

Today it is one of the nation's most thriving industries, operated by great syndicates, backed by millions of dollars, directed by high-salaried executives selected for their brain and cunning, equipped with every modern facility, and fully prepared to satisfy the craving of the American throat.

Today — and every day — this industry augments America's liquor supply by more than 10,000 gallons which really do come "right off the boat."

Rum Row, to be sure, has gone forever from the Atlantic Coast, although remnants of it still linger in the Pacific. The old, slow, tall-masted vessels which hovered in groups just beyond the territorial limits and waited there to sell their cargoes to the small boats which came alongside, have no place in the modern picture. The "rummies" of today can not afford to waste their time that way.

The modern rum runner is specially built for the work it must do. Certain shipyards in Nova Scotia specialize in the building of these craft, which are designed with almost as much care as would be given to a vessel of war.

The new boats are broad, low-masted, and sit well down in the water so that they are difficult to see. They are powered by the most modern type of engines, provided chiefly by a well-known American firm, and are capable of operating at high speed. The bow of each is hooded over so that in rough weather

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large quantities of water will not be shipped. In many cases the vessels are partly armored, and in almost every case they are equipped with unlicensed radios. A few of them are specially designed to be able to throw out dense smoke screens in time of need, and all of them are registered under foreign flags so that they may not be stopped and searched unless they come within an hour's sailing distance of the shore — which they are careful not to do.

More than one hundred such vessels are known to the Coast Guard as smugglers, or "blacks," and of these all but a dozen have sought and obtained the protection of the British flag.

Once built, the "rummies" set out for one of the many sources of supply which lie near the coast. Hardly had the Prohibition law gone into effect when the old smugglers' hideouts in the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Mexican Gulf ports began to take on new life, and today Belize, Bimini, Gun Key and other ports in the vicinity of the Caribbean export large quantities of liquor which somehow find their way past the barriers set up by the Customs, Coast Guard, and Prohibition forces, into the United States.

THE chief sources of supply, however, are the barren and desolate islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland. These islands, which are little more than great piles of rock rising out of the ocean, were, at the conclusion of the French and Indian War, ceded to France by Great Britain.

The treaty which gave them into the possession of "His Most Christian Majesty" provided specifically that they should be maintained as a shelter for fishermen, and that no buildings were to be built thereon except for the use of fishermen and a small garrison of soldiers.

For many years they represented a dead loss to the French Government, and it was not until the Prohibition law went into effect that they began to pay dividends in the form of customs receipts.

They owe their prosperity entirely to American Prohibition, and while the inhabitants have a warm and friendly feeling for the Eighteenth Amendment, the French Government has at least permitted the use of these islands as a base for smuggling operations against the United States. The principal liquor houses of Europe have opened branches there and large quantities of alcoholic beverages are imported only to be exported again in rum runners.

ST. PIERRE, which has the only good harbor in the group, is picturesque in many respects, and in one it is unique. It is the only port in the world where information concerning the movements of ships is not public property, and where the officials refuse to divulge the avowed destinations of ships clearing from there, or the nature of the cargoes carried.

The master of a vessel may ask for clearance papers to heaven or hell, and receive them without being required to answer any embarrassing questions as to the course he intends to steer in order to reach his destination.

As might be expected, therefore, most of the "rummies" take on cargoes at St. Pierre. Once they leave

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port, their movements are directed from various "headquarters" by means of radio. As they steam down the coast, they are kept informed of the movements of Coast Guard vessels, as far as possible, so that trouble may be avoided.

Some of them pull up off a small island which lies off the Connecticut coast, and on which lives a man whose duty it is to route the "blacks" and to arrange their rendezvous. He rows out to them in a small boat and gives them instructions as to the exact day and hour at which they are to heave off to a particular stretch of coastline.

If any difficulty arises before they reach the appointed spot, or if a Coast Guard vessel is known to be in the vicinity, their orders are changed by wireless. If not, they proceed directly to the designated place, where they are met by a fleet of small boats which operate in conjunction with groups of trucks, and which are also directed by radio.

All messages, of course, are transmitted in a skilfully devised secret code, and the bases of land operations are moved frequently so that detection, except by accident, is virtually impossible.

Once their cargo is safely overboard, the rum runners continue on their journey to some southern port where they load another cargo of liquor and sail, presumably for St. Pierre. This cargo is disposed of in the same manner.

Sometimes they must go to great lengths to avoid detection. One ship, known to Prohibition officials, sailed from Vancouver with 300 tons of liquor aboard, bound for Antwerp. After passing through the Panama Canal, she actually went to Antwerp, unloaded her cargo there and got a landing certificate for it. Then she loaded it all back on board with 477 tons more and returned to the Pacific Coast, where she hovered until her entire cargo of 777 tons had been landed.

For many years it was the practice of vessels clearing from the Bahamas to get two sets of clearance papers — one stating that the ship was in ballast, bound for an American port, and the other that she carried a cargo of liquor to Halifax. Thus armed, the "rummy" would sail with a cargo of liquor. If she smuggled it successfully, she would put into an American port in ballast, get a cargo of some kind to pay for the trip back, and would repeat the process. If she failed to land the liquor, she would proceed to Halifax, produce the other certificate, and try it all over again.

As the result of negotiations with Great Britain, however, this practice on the part of Bahaman officials has now been stopped.

A similarly peculiar situation was to be found until recently along the Canadian border. At one time it was the practice of bootleggers to load up a rowboat and get clearance papers to Havana, but, by treaty, the Canadian Government later agreed not to issue clearance papers in cases where it was obvious that the vessel concerned, because of her size or condition, was unable to reach her avowed destination.

Thereafter the bootlegger and his rowboat could no longer clear for Havana, but he could ask for clear-

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ance papers to the United States, and as there was nothing suspicious about this, he got them.

For six years the United States Government tried to persuade the Canadian officials to refuse to issue papers to those vessels, bound for the United States, which carried contraband, and for six years the Canadian Government declined to do so.

At last, however, it has yielded, and its law, prohibiting this practice, has recently gone into effect, with the result that smuggling over the border has been stopped, temporarily at least, until the rum runners find some new way of circumventing the law, as the Government agents know they will.

THE continued success of the smugglers, however, must be laid entirely to their courage and their skill, the unlimited resources that they command, and the seemingly infallible judgment and cunning of those who direct their enterprises.

Under no circumstances can it be said that the Government agencies charged with the prevention of smuggling have been lax in their duties or failing in zeal. They are fighting a war to the best of their ability, and are badly hampered because they are bound to fight in accordance with the established rules of international law, while the smugglers are untrammeled by law or rules of any kind.

Every agency of the Government which by reason of its practice or its ability in its particular line is fitted to deal with smuggling, has been pressed into service. The State Department, the Department of Justice, the Prohibition Bureau, the Customs, the Coast Guard, and even the Navy itself have been used as focal points through which all the talent and the power lying behind the Government has been brought to bear directly upon the smugglers.

THE actual fighting, however, is done by the Coast Guard, and wherever there is trouble at sea, at home, or with the Governments abroad, it is the Coast Guard which has to stand for it.

Millions of dollars have been spent in recent years to augment this service by building new vessels capable of meeting the rum runners on an equal footing, and by enlarging the personnel. At present there are 349 craft ranging in size from 315-foot destroyers to 45-foot motor boats, and all of these, in time of need, may be called upon to participate in a rum chase.

More boats are needed, and more men, but the Coast Guard officials admit that they will never stop smuggling by apprehending and seizing all those engaged in it. Their only hope, they say, is to make the business unprofitable by hampering the smugglers at every turn.

To this end, destroyers cruise outside the territorial waters, in search of known or suspected "blacks." As soon as one is sighted, the destroyer informs other vessels in the squadron of its position, and a patrol boat is dispatched to the scene at once, while the destroyer lies alongside or pursues the smuggler.

The patrol boat, taking up the chase, must follow the "rummy" day and night, never losing sight of it, until all chance of landing the illicit cargo has passed. So long as the "black" is being trailed it can not

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make contact with the small boats which are waiting to run the liquor to shore, as the small boats, being of American registry, can be seized at any time, either inside or outside the territorial limits.

Moreover, so well is the coast line patrolled that it is only on moonless nights, or under cover of fog, that a landing can be attempted. Then too, during the summer months, the nights are so short that unless contact can be established before midnight or one o'clock at the latest, the cargo can not be safely got ashore before dawn.

Therefore if a patrol boat can trail a "black" until a few hours before dawn, or through the few days during which the moon is dark, it may return to its base assured that that particular cargo of liquor will not, in all probability, be sold in a speakeasy for another month at least.

In this way the Coast Guard hopes to take the profits out of rum running, and its vigilance to this end is astonishing. It has learned to cling to its prey in spite of fog, smoke screens, and all varieties of heavy weather. The Naval Intelligence service keeps busy deciphering the codes used by the smugglers, and information concerning their plans and their whereabouts is flashed by telephone, telegraph and wireless, from the naval stations, from boats, from the numerous Coast Guard stations on shore, and through commercial channels.

The Coast Guard itself uses three codes, all of which are as carefully devised as those employed in time of war. The High Code is known only to commissioned officers and is completely changed every ten days. The second code is known to warrant officers, and the third, a simpler one, is used in the transmission of orders to smaller boats not commanded either by commissioned or non-commissioned officers.

Thus the Coast Guard and the smugglers use the same weapons in waging their war, both seizing upon the newest creations of science and turning them to their own particular uses. There is, however, one important exception. While both sides resort, at times, to the use of arms, the smuggler prefers to buy off his opponents. With his vast resources behind him, he is in a position to bribe those who stand in his way, while the Government has no corresponding weapon of defense. The pay of the enlisted men and even of the officers in the service is small and the temptation to make as much as a whole year's salary in a single night, perhaps, is overwhelmingly strong.

Less than a year ago Prohibition agents staged what was hailed as the "biggest dry raid of all time." Among the amazing discoveries incident to this raid was a mansion on the New Jersey coast. In a secret room was a high-powered sending and receiving set at which an operator was kept on duty at all times. In another room was a fully equipped plant for cutting, bottling and labelling imported liquors. Huge tanks, buried in the earth, were used for storing the contraband. Underground tunnels led from the house to the sea, and there was a veritable arsenal stocked with the usual assortment of gangsters' weapons.

The most depressing discovery

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however, was a little black account book which showed that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been paid out in graft to Government agents, and that in spite of all the efforts of the Coast Guard and the other anti-smuggling agencies, the profits of the organization had reached figures well up in the millions in the short space of six months.

THE Coast Guard has not yet made smuggling unprofitable. This branch of the service, nevertheless, has another duty which it has performed faithfully and equally futilely. It may board, search, and, if violations are found, may seize American vessels wherever they are, as well as the ships of many foreign nations whenever they come within one hour's sailing distance of the shore.

Furthermore, it may fire upon any vessel which refuses to heave to and be searched, and it has been fairly common for masters of ships to complain that solid shot, from a cutter's gun, has sent unfriendly geysers of water spraying over their decks. So zealous in fact has the Coast Guard been in the discharge of these duties that it has made itself downright unpopular within the country, and has kept the State Department busy answering the complaints of irate Ambassadors who are directed by their Governments to demand explanations.

In defense of the Coast Guard, officials say that it has no choice in the matter; that if once the smugglers learn that they can disobey with impunity an order to heave to for examination, the service will be powerless to carry on its work, and that therefore it is necessary to fire upon vessels, which, when ordered to stop, attempt to escape.

Without doubt, much of the criticism levelled against the "dry navy" is unjustified, but the files of the State Department are, nevertheless, crammed full of correspondence which, although couched in gentle and even complimentary phrases, says ugly things in a very nasty way.

So numerous are these diplomatic "incidents" that it would be manifestly impossible even to list the titles of those cases which have come under the official notice of the department. Two of the most recent ones, however, are those of the rum runner *I'm Alone* and the *Shawnee*.

The Coast Guard vessel *Walcott* first sighted the *I'm Alone* off the coast of Louisiana, and after ordering her to stop fired a solid shot across her bow. How far the Canadian vessel was from the shore at the time is a matter of dispute, and the Canadian Government insists that she was not within treaty limits, and that therefore the Coast Guard had no right to try to stop her.

RIGHT or wrong, the *Walcott* continued firing until its gun jammed, and there was nothing left to do but to pursue the rum boat and to call, by radio, for aid. After the chase had lasted for two days, the cutter *Dexter*, answering the *Walcott's* signals, steamed up and opened fire upon the *I'm Alone*, riddling her with shells and finally sinking her more than 200 miles from land. Although every precaution was taken to prevent injury to the crew aboard the rum runner, one man was drowned because the vessel was not equipped with life preservers.

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The case provoked an indignant complaint from the Canadian authorities, and although it was submitted to arbitration months ago, no settlement has been reached.

The *Shawnee*, another Canadian vessel, was fired upon by the Coast Guard shortly after the *I'm Alone* affair, and brought forth another vigorous protest. The master of the *Shawnee* insisted that he was twenty-six miles out to sea when the incident occurred and that two of the shells from the cutter struck his ship. The Coast Guard insisted that the *Shawnee* was only 14.7 miles from shore, and that she was running without lights when ordered to stop. The incident was finally closed when the United States tendered an official apology, and admitted the illegality of the action taken by the Coast Guard.

THE principal difficulty in all of these cases is the uncertainty attaching to the vague phrase which is contained in all of the anti-smuggling treaties which have been negotiated between the United States and foreign countries, and which provide that the vessels of those countries may be searched so long as they are within "one hour's sailing distance of the shore."

Not knowing the speed of many of the vessels it searches, the Coast Guard assumes that all vessels are capable of making twelve knots. When, however, it seizes a vessel twelve knots out, and later discovers that the speed of the craft is only eight knots, the trouble begins and the State Department has more explaining to do.

In spite of the criticism heaped upon it, the Coast Guard doggedly continues to board and search vessels and the official records of the service show that, during the last year for which figures are available, 80,263 vessels were boarded. Of these, only 2,571 were reported for violations, and in many of these cases the infractions were of a minor nature, having nothing whatever to do with smuggling.

The fines and penalties imposed for such violations amounted to $424,725 and even if all of this sum had come out of the pockets of smugglers, it could have been defrayed by increasing the prices on the liquor successfully smuggled in, by two and six-tenths cents per quart.

Here, too, then, there is little chance of making smuggling unprofitable.

EVEN the Prohibition agents find the situation discouraging. According to their own estimates, 4,000,000 gallons of liquor are successfully smuggled into the country each year, and this, they say, is an "irreducible minimum." They admit that a similar quantity will be brought in next year and the year after.

Obviously, then, the patrons of 33,000 speakeasies in New York City alone will continue to imbibe unstintingly, and their hosts — or hostesses — will continue to assure them that the stuff has come right off the boat!

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Ace Polo Players

By Charles E. Parker

Spotlight on the Personalities that Gather around Meadowbrook

It seems there were a couple of Irishmen, Pat and —

No, the common or smoking compartment introduction will not do at all, at all.

The Pat is not really Pat, albeit some of his intimates do use that as a nickname. And, instead of the proverbial Mike, the party of the second part in this instance bears the label, Aiden.

I suppose I could say: "It seems there were a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden."

But that is rather chancey. There is none of the pristine puissance of Pat or the verdant virility of Mike in such identifications as C. T. I. and Aiden. The employment of the manifold initials in the one case and of the not inherently Celtic cognomen in the other might strike the dyed-in-the-wool Owld Sodder as a reflection on the he-manness of the Emerald Isle. And you know what is apt to happen when you are caught at anything like that.

Nevertheless, there were — more to the point, there still are — "a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden." That must be set down sooner or later. And, if the gentleman from County Kildare — or is it Roscommon? — with the fidgety shillelah will bear with me for a few paragraphs, I am sure I shall be able to keep the old tin hat, vintage of 1917–18, in moth balls, and, God willing, take my place beside him in the rambling wooden stands of International Field, Meadowbrook, Long Island, when the British quartet, led by the aforesaid "couple of Irishmen," rides out in quest of that most precious of polo trophies, the International Challenge Cup.

To me, C. T. I. and Aiden are the most engaging figures of the impending series. And that, you should know, is no trifling qualification, for romance has ridden with every regular and spare of the cup-defending American team and with all other members of the challenging British squad.

Take, for example, the life story of Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., the American captain.

It would open with the day some twenty years ago when his daddy, who had captained the first Yankee quartet ever to engage in international play, presented to the then very youthful Tommy a sawed-off mallet, placed the boy astride a

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shaggy-haired Shetland pony, and started him on a polo career that has been without parallel.

It would move rapidly to 1917 to find Tommy, too young to qualify for enlistment in the American forces, signing on with the Lafayette Escadrille, riding the reverberating Continental heavens as he now rides the rolling polo fields, until he was shot down and captured by the Boche, then making a daring escape from a German prison camp, travelling by night through miles on miles of enemy territory to Switzerland, where news of the Armistice came as he was making plans to rejoin his flying unit.

IT WOULD find him in 1921, still under voting age, leading the American invasion at Hurlingham that was to bring the International Challenge Cup back to this country; setting the swift pace in 1924 and 1927 for the American quartets that successfully defended that trophy; driving a Yankee team to victory in the 1924 Olympic games at Colombes; turning back the very potent Argentine threat of 1928; winning the maximum rating of ten goals at an age when most players are still striving to master the game; displaying skill so far superior to other ten-goalers that the polo powers-that-be seriously pondered increasing the handicap maximum for Tommy's particular benefit; forcing such seasoned rulers of the sport as Louis E. Stoddard and Devereux Milburn to yield to his will in matters of polo policy, and finally winning appointment as Big Four captain and as chairman of a Defense Committee of his own choosing — offices that make him the most powerful individual figure the game has known.

The story of Winston Guest, the second ranking player in this country, has its very interesting aspects.

He was born the son of Frederick C. Guest, a British internationalist of another polo era, and, as he began galloping to fame a few years ago, and while still in his teens, there were those of the land of his nativity who counted the days when he would enlist under the British polo banner. They visioned the international matches then to come as bristling duels between Tommy Hitchcock, for America, and the towering Guest, for Great Britain. But Guest's American mother, who had insisted that her boy be educated in an American college, also insisted that he play his polo in and for this country. And it is as a newly naturalized citizen of the States that he will ride into action against his native land.

IF FOR no other reason than his service as an instrument in the social revolution of the game, the story of Earle A. S. Hopping, a third member of the Yankee group, would capture attention. From the time polo was first taken up in this country social lines were sharply drawn. When an international tourney of any sort was in the offing only those of Meadowbrook's inner circle were accorded favorable consideration. But, in 1928, with the Argentine series knotted at one game all, Tommy Hitchcock reached into the ranks of the "outsiders" and plucked young Hopping from the group, and it was through his sterling play that the Yankee four won

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the deciding match and the championship of the Americas.

And there are aspects as interesting, as unique, or as thrilling in the stories of Elmer Boeseke and Eric Pedley, the dashing, dazzling Californians; H. W. (Rube) Williams, the wild-riding Texan; W. Averell Harriman, Stephen (Laddie) Sanford, Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., and on down through the entire Yankee squad to the midget G. H. (Pete) Bostwick who, after the gates had been closed on Big Four candidates, virtually carried the barriers with the same daring horsemanship that has made him the leading gentleman steeplechase rider in the land.

As for the associates of C. T. I. and Aiden — the men who will ride with them in the impending cup series — one is that pint of polo poison, Lewis Lacey, a Canadian-born, Argentine-trained soldier of fortune who, after having carried the South American republic to within a mallet's length of polo supremacy in 1928, has thrown his lot with the British; and the massive and meteoric Gerald Balding, British-born, Yankee-trained young man, whose rise, almost over night, from polo mediocrity to polo distinction is discussed in awed whispers.

Still, to me, "a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden," are the most engaging figures.

Their surname — they have a common one, for they are brothers — is Roark.

That in itself is noteworthy. Not since the Waterburys — Lawrence and the late Monty — played up front for the pre-war American teams has there been a brother combination in international cup competition. In the days of the Waterburys that was not so surprising. There were fewer polo players then. But polo now numbers its thousands of active devotees, and here is a case wherein a polo-playing nation — a polo-playing empire, rather — searching for the four best men among its several thousands, has found two of the four in a single family.

The manner of finding them is even more remarkable.

Unlike the Hitchcocks, the Guests, the Hoppings, *et al.*, the Roark brothers had no polo background. True, they came naturally by their understanding of horseflesh and their ability to handle spirited mounts, for they are the younger generation of a family of horsemen. Since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary the Roarks of Ireland have been breeders and trainers of Irish thoroughbreds and, down through the generations they have sent many a winner to the post in the racing classics of Erin. But there was no polo-playing sire to pass the lore of the game on to his offspring.

C. T. I., or, to give him his full name and title, Captain Charles Thomas Innes Roark, became acquainted with polo while serving with the British forces in India following the World War. Civil disobedience campaigns were unthought of in those days, and the young subalterns and the older officers turned for red-blooded recreation to the ancient and national sport of India. The slim-waisted, dapper Captain Roark was one of their number.

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His polo might have been limited to that tour of duty in the Far East save for an accident.

Great Britain, in 1927, had issued a challenge for the cup and, mindful of the fact that it had scored only one conquest over America since the Yankees first brought the trophy to this country in 1909 — one conquest in the six engagements of that eighteen-year period — British polo authorities saw hope of victory only in the recruiting of new blood. It was to India and to the polo-playing Army officers stationed there that they turned.

CAPTAIN ROARK was not one of the men originally selected. He was newer to the game than many others and was not rated sufficiently high to command attention. On the eve of the squad's departure for England and the test matches, however, one of the chosen players found it impossible to make the trip. And, for want of an available substitute, the pestiferous young Irishman was taken along.

The British did not win the 1927 series with their Army-in-India team. But that was not the fault of Captain Charles Thomas Innes Roark. Regarded as a lowly spare, the roaring Roark — and he is never silent when a game is on — proved himself the outstanding player on the challenging team — a man who rode with the hard-riding Americans, asking no quarter — a man who hit from all angles and all positions with a force and an accuracy never before seen in British play.

Aiden Roark's introduction to high-goal polo also was the sort of thing that eases the mental strain on writers of sport fiction. It came last September in the American open championship tournament at Meadowbrook.

The Anglo-American Hurricanes, with Captain Roark in command, were facing the Roslyn four, led by Harold E. Talbott, Jr., in a semi-final match, and the score was tied at seven goals all when Talbott was thrown and so seriously injured that he could not resume play. No substitute was carried by the Roslyn team and, in order to finish out the game, its members were in the act of pressing into service one of the stable grooms.

The latter was moving off to procure the customary protective apparel when a seemingly frail youth leaped from the stands, dashed out upon the field, removing coat and waistcoat as he ran, and presented himself as ready — not only ready but tremendously eager — to take the place of the injured man.

He laughed at the suggestion of equipment, rolled up his shirt sleeves, tucked trouser legs into his socks, snatched up Talbott's helmet and stick, hopped into the saddle from which Talbott had tumbled, and with an, "I'm quite ready, gentlemen," sent his pony cantering up the field while he took a few practice swings with the strange mallet and then brought his mount around into position for the toss-out.

THE game in which Aiden Roark, the younger of the Roark brothers, played that September afternoon lives in the record books as the longest match in the history of our open championship, and it lives in the memories of its observers as the

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most thrilling and dramatic in national title play.

The score, seven-all when Aiden Roark took the field, remained at seven-all through the regular playing time of eight chukkers. An extra chukker was played and the deadlock still continued. A second extra period followed, but no change in the score. A third extra session was added on and still the score remained seven to seven. And it was not until the bell was about to sound the conclusion of a fourth extra period — twelve periods in all — that the deciding goal was produced.

Stirring moment dovetailed into stirring moment throughout the long battle, and the bizarre figure of Aiden Roark, his shirtsleeves unfurling at every other stroke of his swinging mallet, his trousers flapping out of the restraining socks, his ill-fitting helmet dropping over one eye and then over the other, or flying from his head to roll unnoticed under the hoofs of the racing ponies — that bizarre figure was to be found in the centre of the kaleidoscopic action.

With him, sometimes as the pursuing, at others as the pursued, was his older brother, Captain Roark, for the match, from Aiden's entry onward, was an intra-family struggle rather than an inter-team engagement — and neither of the Roarks would give ground.

In fiction the younger Roark would produce the winning goal. In fact, however, it was the elder. But that did not take from the glory that was Aiden's. He had proved himself ready to meet the best of the game on even terms.

It was that match that prompted me to write an article for *The New York Telegram* last September suggesting a drastic departure from the then announced plan of the British polo powers.

"If it is Great Britain's desire to send the strongest possible team into the International Cup series," this article ran, "it might be well for its polo authorities to send Captain C. T. I. Roark over here early next summer with instructions to recruit its Big Four from polo-playing citizens of British birth who now reside on this side of the Atlantic. . . . When and if Great Britain reclaims the cup it will be through the work of a combination that knows and plays the American style — the hard-riding, long-hitting, offensive style as contrasted with the defensive and 'soft' British style — and can beat the Yankees at their own game. The British nationals who have been developing their game over here — the Roarks, the Baldings, Lacey, *et al.* — surely would more nearly approximate the strength of the 1930 American four than does the provisionally named British team in whose lineup are Major Phipps-Hornby, Captain Charles H. Tremayne and Lieutenant Humphrey Guinness."

I gloat over that line: "the Roarks, the Baldings, Lacey, *et al.*" For, as you may be aware, the team named by Captain Tremayne for the opening game is, Aiden Roark, No. 1; Gerald Balding, No. 2; Captain C. T. I. (Pat) Roark, No. 3, and Lewis Lacey, back.

Captain Tremayne did a handsome thing in himself stepping down to make way for this new order — a

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thing that testifies to his sportsmanship, for, as duly appointed captain of the British array, he yearned to be an active rather than a passive leader — a thing, however, that assures the Meadowbrook galleries the most thrilling and closely fought cup series of modern times, and assures Great Britain at least a fair chance of capturing the trophy.

Tommy Hitchcock and his men will meet men who know and play their sort of polo — men who already have played against them with some success.

Captain Roark realized, during his first visit here in 1927, that a British success could come only through the adoption of the terrific pace and hitting of the Americans. He realized then that the tentative British game was not the stuff of which international victories are made. The better to preach and practice the Western style, he came back to this country in 1928 and again last year, increasing his knowledge of Yankee strategy and of the American players. On six occasions during his visits, when opposed by Hitchcock in formal or informal play, Captain Roark came off victorious.

Lewis Lacey, the real veteran of the British contingent, has long been committed to the American style of play. He knows it from the ground up and, through frequent visits here, also knows Hitchcock and his men.

Gerald Balding, although British polo blood runs in his veins, has been reared on American polo. He came to this country seven years ago when still a youth and moved gradually up the handicap scale on the American list to a medium rating and then, last year, with a blazing burst of riding and hitting that approached and at times surpassed that of Tommy Hitchcock and Winston Guest, achieved polo greatness and a place among the select circle of eight-goal men on the handicap list.

Aiden Roark's preparation for international polo was somewhat more sketchy than that of his mates. He came here three years ago unrated and presumably unknown to the sport, to accept a business post with the organization of which Tommy Hitchcock's father is the head. Once associated with the Hitchcocks, however, it was natural that he should become interested in the game. His brief schooling has been under Yankee teachers and, as was indicated in the Hurricanes-Roslyn battle of last year, he has taken to the American game as a suppressed desire takes to a day off.

As was said of his brother's début as an internationalist:

What price polo pedigree when you hand a hammer-headed shillelah to a Celtic centaur!

Keep your eye on "the couple of Irishmen" when the white willow ball is tossed out on the lawn of International Field. Or, if you prefer something more difficult, try to keep your eye off of 'em.

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Tinkham

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

A Personality Sketch of the Massachusetts Representative

In staid old Boston town, back in the early 'Eighties, when culture ended twenty miles from the State House, and education was synonymous with a Harvard degree, a twelve year old lad walked one Sunday morning out of an Episcopal church in a very indignant mood. An election campaign was then in full swing, and the boy had just listened to a sermon on politics. The preacher had told his congregation how they should stand on the issues of the hour, and suggested the candidates for which they should vote.

"Father, I think the minister was wrong. I don't think he should have talked to us the way he did."

Many a child is father to the man. At twelve, young George Holden Tinkham knew nothing about politics, but the Pilgrim strain in his blood rebelled instinctively against the parson who a few minutes before had made a campaign speech from the pulpit. Pricked into consciousness that Sunday morning near Beacon Hill, his instinctive prejudice against the political parson has grown stronger with the years, and when a churchman steps across the line, the effect upon Tinkham is as a red flag upon a bull. The separation of Church and State is the great principle upon which he insists, just as ecclesiastical interference in public affairs is the great foe to be fought.

The Caraway lobby committee gave him the big opportunity for which he had been waiting so long. A voice in the wilderness, he had denounced ecclesiastic meddling in the past, but the times were not ripe. President Hoover's attack upon William B. Shearer as a propagandist for the big Navy interests started the ball rolling. Lobbying became the topic of the hour, and the spotlight was turned toward the lobbyists who plied their craft under the shadow of the Capitol. Clothed with a mandate from the Senate, Caraway, the sharp tongued, launched briskly his inquiry into lobbyists. A packed committee brought out some facts about the tariff lobby that were eminently satisfactory to the coalition strategists. The disclosures whetted the appetite of the lobby investigators for more spice of the same kind.

Ever on the alert, waiting for his opportunity, with a carload of facts

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and documents in his office accumulated over a long period of years, Tinkham knew the tide had at last turned in his direction. In a letter to Caraway, he demanded that the committee give him a chance to make charges against the church lobby, as represented, in particular, by two organizations, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Caraway could do nothing less than grant the hearing.

Said Tinkham to Caraway's lobby investigating committee:

"If your committee by its investigations can unmask the indefensible political activity of these two establishments of the organized Church, and of all other like establishments of any church, if there be any, and thus help in a measure to reaffirm the most fundamental principle on which this Republic was founded, the principle of separation of Church and State, in fact and in spirit, for the perpetuation of which principle there is the highest necessity if both the State and religion are to be preserved, your committee will render a great public service."

Tinkham smashed through, and became a national figure almost overnight.

He made his charges, abundantly documented, and every metropolitan paper in the country carried on its front pages accounts of his charge of church interference in politics, and the violation of the Corrupt Practices Act by the Methodist Board. Bishop James J. Cannon, Jr., came before the committee with officers of the Methodist Board, to deny the charges made by the Boston Congressman. But Tinkham had obtained his main objective. He had caught the public ear, and put the Congressional spotlight on the church lobby.

His historical and racial background helps us to understand why Tinkham behaves as he does. Without a knowledge of that background, indeed, he can not be understood at all. On his father's side, he traces his descent back to the Mayflower and its Pilgrim company; on his mother's side he goes back to the great Puritan migration to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. On the wall above his desk in his Washington office hang two of his most cherished possessions, veritable household gods, framed documents setting forth, in easy print, his descent from both Pilgrims and Puritans. Ancestor worship? Yes, of a sort. But never forget this about Tinkham: the Pilgrim individuality, and the Puritan love of freedom, are living forces in the make-up of the man who has hurled his bolts against the Methodist "theocracy." He bridges three centuries to fortify himself for the great battle which he feels called upon to fight in the Twentieth Century. No New Englander ever gloried more over his ancestry than he; but Tinkham does more than attend meetings of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. He goes gunning in defense of their principles.

As a Harvard student, he planned to become a professor of history. His family was one of wealth, and the boy did not need to choose a money-making career. His father was a

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trustee. To the true Bostonian, to spend your capital is the unpardonable sin, and this is the spirit which creates a demand for professional trustees. The son could easily have followed his father's footsteps. Naturally of a studious cast of mind, with a strong curiosity about the past, and with no money worries ahead, Tinkham decided to become a historian. It was his ambition, no doubt, to become the American Gibbon or Thucydides. Before he knocked at the door of the historical seminar, he nevertheless reconsidered his decision. For in analysing himself, doubts had arisen. Was academic life active enough for a man who liked to mix in the world, ride horseback, wrestle, hunt and travel far and wide? Had he, secondly, the patience which the historical investigator needs to pursue truth to its hiding place? And finally, had he the imagination which the historian needs, even when he has got his facts, if he is to make his completed product a work of art? It was at Lake Lucerne, as he gazed at the snow clad peaks of the Bernese Oberland, that Tinkham answered these three questions in the negative.

INSTEAD of taking up post-graduate studies in history, he therefore entered the Harvard Law School. Apparently he was to become a trustee, and a knowledge of law was an admirable thing for any young Bostonian whose main business in life, so far as he could see, would be to handle his own and other people's money. Tinkham's uncle had been in politics, and he felt very strongly that his nephew, with all his material and educational advantages, should also enter public life. Young Tinkham was a bit reluctant, but he finally yielded to his uncle. He offered himself as a candidate for a seat on the Boston Common Council, so often a stepping stone to later political preferment. He was elected, serving in that body in 1897–1898. Strangely enough, he found his first taste of public life little to his liking. So he returned to his law, his travel and his philosophic musings.

YET fate had something else in store for Tinkham than the comfortable life of a Boston trustee. His friends urged him to take a try at the State Senate, and in 1910 he was elected to that body. His election to the State Senate brought him face to face with the old issue of church in politics. A visitor called at Tinkham's office, and asked him how he intended to vote on a certain measure then pending in the legislature, known as the Bar and Bottle Bill. Sponsored and supported by the Anti-Saloon League, the purpose of this bill was to curb the sale over the bar of liquor in bottles.

His caller was an Anti-Saloon League lobbyist. Tinkham listened politely to his arguments, but refused to give the out-and-out promise of support of the League's programme which the man wanted.

"We will denounce you as the friend of vice and crime from every Methodist and Baptist pulpit in your district," the lobbyist threatened.

An answer came quickly enough. "Get out of my office," roared Tinkham, "or I'll knock your head off!" After disposing of his visitor thus unceremoniously, he wrote to

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every Methodist and Baptist preacher in his district that if he were denounced from their pulpits as "the friend of vice and crime," he would insist upon his right to rise in their churches and reply to the charges. Only one minister so denounced him, a Baptist, Herbert S. Johnson by name. Some years later, Johnson ran against Tinkham in the primaries, but the latter took his measure, four votes to one. To convince himself that conditions were not as bad as proponents of the Bar and Bottle Bill said they were, Tinkham visited in person a score or more barrooms in Boston. He made a careful check of sales, and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that few customers were taking bottles home with them. Then, as now, Tinkham was ever looking for facts, even barroom facts.

A STUDENT of history from school days, Tinkham is never so happy as he is when he gets a willing listener into the corner, and expounds to him the dangers of theocracy. The principle of the separation of Church and State was the greatest principle which the founding fathers of this Republic contributed to the political thought of the world. History, he tells you, abundantly justifies the wisdom of their decision. Congregationalism was in the saddle in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; the Dutch Reformed Church controlled New York; the Quakers held the upper hand in Pennsylvania; the Catholics were entrenched in Maryland; and the Church of England had the allegiance of the planter aristocracy of Virginia. Only through the separation of Church and State could these divergent faiths live at peace under one flag. By the same token, to his mind, every political parson of today is helping to undermine the liberties bequeathed us by the founding fathers.

HIS attacks upon the Methodist and Baptist churches have naturally brought him a vast correspondence, much of it abusive. In warning the people of our day against the dangers of theocracy he feels that there is back of him the strongest historical support. "The writers of many of these letters interest me," he says, "for, speaking psychopathically, they seem to be a type that is moved by a fanatical religious emotionality which, when carried to its ultimate, lights the fires of the stake. History is full of fearful proofs of the extremes to which this type of emotionalist will go — as in the case of Thomas Torquemada, with his record of two thousand burnings in eighteen years, and as in the case of Massachusetts, when under the domination of ecclesiastics, the Commonwealth drove men, women and children to the limits of the Colony and left them to the wolves. Let every American who would understand the horrors of that kind of domination read Brooks Adams's *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*, a book that is almost a Bible of freedom to me."

The district which Tinkham has represented in Congress since 1915 contains as motley an assortment of human beings as can be found anywhere in the United States today. He is spokesman at the Capitol for the best and worst in Boston, for its

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wealthiest citizens as well as many of its poorest, for its most aristocratic as well as those at the other end of the social scale. The old Colonial families, the bluest blood in Boston, occupy the first eighth of his district with many multimillionaires and high salaried executives. Yet back to back to this gilded Back Bay community, with its ancient traditions, also in Tinkham's district, lies a colony of Russian Jews, newest arrivals in America. In the second eighth, we find cheap lodging houses, the painted ladies, sports, and the Mother Church of Christian Science. The third eighth is the home of one-half of all the Negroes in Boston, and a large number of Irish Catholic tenement dwelling workmen, and the Irish take up almost all the fourth eighth, as well. Half the German population of Boston have their homes in the fifth eighth, reinforced by a good many more Irish. A fairly prosperous colony of Jews monopolizes the sixth eighth, and in the seventh we find some more Colonial families, not as rich as those in the first eighth, and the other half of Boston's Little Germany. The last segment is the home of the richer Irish, and a good part of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Prohibitionists, Feminists, Internationalists and Pacifists of Boston.

THE district is normally Democratic, and except Tinkham, the unique, no other Republican now in sight could probably control it. In 1926 the Democrats and Republicans both nominated him as their candidate. Yet Tinkham's control over the motley 300,000 that send him to Congress is not accidental. It is the result rather of a scientific study of his constituents, and an assiduous ministration to their wants. You may read Aristotle's *Politics*, and look in vain for detailed instructions how to handle the multiple racial groups that make up the electorate of an average American city. In compiling his famous treatise on Government, the Greek sage examined scientifically the political data of his day, and Tinkham has applied the same scientific spirit to a solution of his own problem in Boston. There is no doubt, indeed, that Aristotle would find in the bearded philosophic Bostonian a kindred soul.

TINKHAM knows his district from A to Z, its various racial groups, their whims, characteristics and passions. By baiting from time to time the South for its failure to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, he continues to keep the vote of Boston's Negroes in his pocket. He has two busy offices, one in Boston, in charge of Miss Gertrude Ryan, who has been with her employer twenty-four years, and knows more about practical politics perhaps than most professors of political science. The other office is in Washington, in charge of Miss Grace Hamlin, a specialist also on the peculiar problems of the District. The devotion of these two ladies to the bachelor Congressman has been most striking. They have been a material help to Tinkham in many a victory at the polls.

Efficiency is the keynote at both offices. No matter how late they may have to work, his secretaries make a habit of answering every letter from

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a constituent the day it is received. That helps to create friends. His assistants keep a card index record of every person in the district for which Tinkham has done a favor, great or small. Some 18,000 names have been on this list, and when an emergency comes, Tinkham notifies the people in this group that he would like their active support to meet an opponent's threat. The personal touch means much, and so too does the sense of human gratitude. In 1928 Tinkham was a bit worried, but by calling in his reserves he was easily reëlected, running 30,000 votes ahead of Alfred E. Smith. Were Aristotle to revise his *Politics*, and write a chapter to American Congressmen on "How to Hold Your Districts," he could not do better than consult first with George Holden Tinkham.

SCIENCE, too, governs his preparations for his great crusades. A few big subjects hold his attention to the exclusion of more than a perfunctory interest in the ordinary work of Congress. Some of these subjects are the separation of Church and State, the Corrupt Practices Act, the Methodist lobby, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Prohibition, Internationalism, and one or two others. Year by year, Tinkham collects all the data, documents, newspaper and magazine articles on these subjects upon which he can lay his hands. The result is a great store of pertinent documents. It was through his year-by-year accumulation of data and documents on the so-called Methodist lobby that he was able to launch so well prepared an attack on the Methodist Board. The World Court is one of his pet aversions, and his files contain in all probability as much information on the Court as those of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The same is true of the League of Nations.

NOT many men in public life have had a better chance to study the racial elements that make up the American electorate than he. Race is one of his specialties. The vigorous Anglo-Saxon has his special admiration, but he delights also in comparative ethnological studies. In weighing an adversary, he asks first what is his race, and what have been his inheritance, education, environment and religion. Knowing these, he is better able to formulate his strategy. Here is an incident that throws much light on his mental processes. He tells it himself. Tinkham and Henry Cabot Lodge, friends of many years' standing, were once discussing over their cigars the personalities of different Senators. William E. Borah came up for discussion and analysis.

"Do you know, George," Lodge said, "Borah is the one man in the Senate who puzzles me."

The younger man asked what Borah's racial background was. On one side it was Irish, he learned, and on the other German.

"There you have it," declared Tinkham, with the delight of a scientist who discovers facts that support his theory. "It is his volatile Irish blood which explains why you can never tell in advance just what position Borah will take on a given question. But once he has taken a position, and entrenched himself, his movements from there

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on will be logical. The logical element in his nature comes from his German inheritance." Lodge may not have been convinced, but to Tinkham the enigmatic Borah is an open book.

His is perhaps the most famous beard in American public life. Its fame has become almost legendary. Some of his biographers have told their readers that the beard comes down to his waist. That is gross exaggeration. He wears only a full old-fashioned beard, the kind that men wore when they were men, before the days of safety razors. Tinkham's beard nevertheless is one worth seeing, and it makes him a conspicuous figure in a crowd. At a big social function in the Capital, a Washington woman was trying to impress an out-of-town guest with her wide acquaintance with the high lights. "That is the Secretary of War," she whispered; "next to him is the Vice-President, and the man with the beard near him is the Minister from Bulgaria." In her eagerness for omniscience, she had made a slight mistake. For the Bulgarian Minister was no other than George Holden Tinkham, anti-Methodist, anti-Internationalist, anti-Prohibitionist and big game hunter in Africa.

Tinkham is rated as one of the best educated men in Congress, and he is also one of the most travelled. He began his travels in 1888, and every two or three years since then has gone off on long expeditions to explore the remote corners of the earth. He has wandered from Spitzbergen to Cape Town, from India to New Zealand, from the Balkans to the Baltic. Viceroys, governors, Oriental potentates, and European statesmen have entertained at their board the man who represents the Eleventh Massachusetts District in Congress. He takes his *Statesman's Year Book* with him; he studies the economics, wealth, and racial characteristics of every people he visits. He stores up information and observations which seem to strengthen his own political philosophy, a philosophy whose three main foundations are separation of Church and State, as much liberty for the individual as is compatible with public order, and no foreign entanglements.

A year or so ago, Tinkham landed in London after one of his long overseas exploring expeditions. He was interviewed by a young British journalist, a chap gifted with an imagination not uncommon in his craft. The next day, he was confronted with a big headline, and in the accompanying article he was quoted as saying that he had travelled the world over in the vain search of ten minutes of happiness. The interview made quite a sensation, and literally scores of sympathetic folk wrote Tinkham telling him how he could get happiness — in religion, in service, in love, and so forth. On the steamer homeward bound, he received a telegram from an English lady of whom he had never heard. The telegram contained but one word, "Eureka," with the name and address of the lady who apparently had discovered the secret whereby the Back Bay Congressman could get the ten minutes of happiness for which, according to the

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interviewer, he had been searching during a lifetime of travel.

His individuality he carries into his mode of living. His hotel apartment in the Capital is one of the most bizarre places in the city. It is full of African game trophies, stuffed animals, and exotic curios from the Far East. It has more the appearance of a museum of natural history than the abode of a human being; and here, too, Tinkham carries his great hatreds. He delights in showing his friends a head named Wayne B. Wheeler, and an Anthony Volstead. Clarence True Wilson and Bishop James J. Cannon seem slated to find places beside them. An inveterate horseback rider, his is a familiar figure on the Rock Creek bridle paths; and one day, after his morning canter, he rode up on horseback to the White House to call on President Coolidge. The arrival of the bearded horseman was the story of the day at the Executive offices.

EXCEPT when the matter under consideration touches one of the three or four fundamental principles of his public faith, he is seldom seen on the floor of the House. His eyes are on the mountain peaks of politics, not the cobblestones at his feet. Tinkham delights in repeating a question which the historian Guizot once asked James Russell Lowell: "How long will the American Republic endure?" To the Frenchman's query Lowell replied, "As long as the ideas of the men who founded it continue dominant."

"That is sound, isn't it?" he chuckles, stroking his beard. Tinkham is in the forefront of those battling to save those ideas.

INDIVIDUALIST, nonconformist, a bit of a rebel at times, George Holden Tinkham offers an exception to the rule, that public life pushes men down to a colorless uniformity of thought and action. Regarded by his colleagues for years as a picturesque but rather futile Don Quixote as he set his knight errant's lance in rest against the theocrats, he has succeeded just the same in bringing his quarry from cover. Nor is it inappropriate that a Boston man should turn the trick. While Alfred E. Smith was capturing the vote of the old Republican Bay State, Bishop Cannon and his fellows were doing their best to defeat Smith, and break the Solid South. There is still enough bitterness in the memories of the 1928 campaign to assure Tinkham of an audience when he discourses upon the perils of ecclesiastical meddling in politics. Now that he has exposed the political activity of the Methodists, Southern Democrats may even forgive him for the unkind way in which he has nagged the South because it has refused the vote to its colored citizens. For the Methodist fight against Smith not only ruined the political career of many a Southern Democrat who supported to the bitter end the nominee of the Houston Convention, but also gave Tinkham the big opportunity for which he had so long been waiting.

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The Lapping of Water

Strange Doings in a Cabin on the Dunes

By Kingsley Moses

The cabin in the dunes, three sides of it half buried in sand, faced northward to the sea. Its place was in that section set down in the town records as "The tract beginning at the westerly end of the cliff neare the harbour, called by the Indians Hetsconoyet, at the jawbone of a whale sett in the ground by the side of a red oak stump."

It was in this cabin of his, whose bench mark — one might say — was the jawbone of a whale, that Cormoran was found dead. And I guessed why; and how. But guessing and speaking are separate things.

That I knew much of Cormoran, perhaps more than anyone else on the Cape, may have been part cause of my first reluctance to gossip. More than ten years I have lived in this same spot by the sea, alone; not asking nor giving anything. I would not have stirred in the matter of Cormoran had not curiosity to see my own reasoning proved, a certain pride in my own deductions, impelled me to testify at the inquest.

Because in winter Cormoran and I were the only neighbors within five miles, perhaps I shall miss him this coming season; wonder that his steady light no longer shines from the one small window of the cabin.

His last short weeks of life were extraordinary, in the sense that they created an unusual impression upon me — who am so habituated to the usual, year after year. His strange fever began with the reading of the newspaper which, as occasion offered, I used to take over to his cabin. Of himself he would never have troubled to buy a paper, was not of a reading turn, had no books in his shack. His easel with its cobalt, emerald and ochre filled his whole field of vision.

Once a month, punctually on the first calendar day, he would travel on foot to the village, a carefully packed canvas in his arms. This he would dispatch by express to a New York dealer, who had apparently a steady market for such art. The need of food and shelter — both so regularly supplied — seemed to be his only concern. That was true until that April evening when I took him the Boston newspaper.

He had greeted me that night, as was his habit, with a silent nod. On his chipped and scarred table were the faded blue-prints of a naval architect. He would if possible, even

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before beginning to paint the skeleton of a battered wreck, study the original construction of the manner of vessel as she had been fresh laid on her ways — so great was his mania for accuracy. This evening he merely nodded at me as I dropped the newspaper beside his hand; and I, seeing him engrossed in his labors, sat down on the bench before his open door to watch the last purple and heliotrope glow of the sunset.

I HAD filled my pipe for the third time and dark had come down over the sea when his exclamation startled me — a noise more like the low growl of a dog than any human utterance. Nor was his face all human, as it showed distinct in the light of his ship's lantern; but fearful rather than fearsome. Both fists, as if they were carved weights which should pin his reading to the board, lay clenched upon the newspaper. His lower jaw swung sideways, back and forth, like a loose spar slatting in a gentle wind. The man, indeed, save for the rigidity of those clenched fists, seemed all ashake.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, starting up, astonished by this sudden revealment of emotion in a man heretofore so stolid.

"A-g-gh!" again that guttural growl. "A-g-g-gh — nothing!"

Nor did further urging avail. Deliberately he stowed the paper away in the drawer of the table, and afterward sat speechless for the short space of time I remained with him. Accustomed to his sullen humors I presently went home.

But the next night when I came to his cabin the place was empty, though the door stood open wide. I hailed twice; getting no answer. At the third call I heard a movement, a mere whispering of the stiff beach grass some twenty paces to the east. Cormoran's body, darker than the gray sky behind it, appeared, rising from the shelter of a beached dory which had been cast up there long since and left to rot in the sands right alongside that odd landmark, the jawbone of a whale. "Oh, it's you!" he muttered, shuffling forward, meanwhile stuffing something deep within the leg of his dungarees. But he did not get it out of sight quickly enough for me to fail to see that it was a revolver.

"What's the matter?" I asked, wondering; for a weapon in our peaceful district is something to remark.

"Nothing," he answered shortly; and passed on into the house; there to light his lamp and deliberately spread out his draughting tools. So, dropping the evening paper, I left him, silent.

I missed seeing him the following night; and the afternoon of the next day — the third since he had been so taken astart by that item in the newspaper — folk came chattering that Cormoran was dead. The knife that killed him had struck in between the shoulder blades.

THE inquest, as everyone in the village agreed, promised to bring out nothing of the manner or cause of his death. A coast guard, passing home to his station on his last tour at dawn, had found the body sprawled out beside that rotting dory on the beach, from which, but a few hours before, Cormoran had risen to

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confront me. The man had been dead only a short time; an hour perhaps.

As Cormoran's closest known acquaintance my name was in the mouth of more than one of the townsfolk. There were many of them — as I have said — who bore me no good will. Reasons for that were plenty. But such idle talk was quickly stilled by the fact of the happy chance that had taken me fishing on the morning of the finding of the body. A dozen men of the town had seen me with my lines far out on the banks before daybreak. I could not have arrived there had I left my beach later than midnight, for it is three leagues or more to the fishing grounds. Guiltless as I could certainly prove myself, I was, nevertheless, naturally summoned to the inquest.

And there, after twenty years' silence, I determined to tell the truth of what I knew of Cormoran.

This was no sudden, impulsive resolve. Be it from the urge of conscience to see that justice was done; be it that I had a desire to see Cormoran's cowardly murderer with a rope around his throat; be it that — even after twenty years — I was not averse to setting right the bad opinion in which I judged Margaret Murtree esteemed me; in any event, the truth, and all of the truth, I did tell.

The story then that I spoke in open court, to be set down in the county records, broadcast, and published by whoever would, was this.

* * *

In the month of November, just twenty years and six months before, on a dark evening at about seven o'clock, the man Cormoran had first appeared. I was living alone then, not where I am now on the ocean side of the Cape and distant from the town, but in a rude shack I had knocked together with my own clumsy hands right at the edge of the breakwater that guarded the village from the onslaught of the open ocean.

The night Cormoran came I was in mood for any hazard, however desperate. Already, however unjustly, I had a bad name among the neighbors. Murtree had caused it to be rumored that I was among those who that summer had plundered the wreck of the bark *Standish*.

That story was false. Others took the profit: I must shoulder the blame. For Murtree was a man of standing, grown and mature; and I a mere lad whose parents, dead years before, had distinguished an ancient name with only the ancient vices. Murtree was at the time forty years of age, and the captain of the coast guard station, as well as a lodge leader, a busy scavenger for votes in the local elections: altogether a man — in such a community as ours — of place and power. All this, and more than a hint of my hatred at the time for Tobit Murtree, I spoke of frankly there at the inquest; the time having arrived, I deemed, to break my twenty years' silence. Margaret Murtree's name did not enter the records, of course; though she had been the first cause of Captain Murtree's spleen against me.

She had been but eighteen; a lithe, brown slip of a girl, with black hair laid smooth on her shapely little

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head, and gray eyes that looked deep and steadily at whoever faced her. I had loved her, silently, awkwardly, I suppose. She had said once that she loved me. But she had married Tobit Murtree. It was just after his public accusation of wrecking against me. The man lied; lied foully — yes, I reiterated that, even though he lay now in his grave.

But to come back to the tale I told those jurors at the inquest.

Cormoran had come to me in my lonely shack by the town's end. I had finished supper and was, as my whim willed it, alone. He had wasted no moments in light talk or bargaining. "You are no friend of the coast guard," was his statement. "I am not," I agreed. To which his answer was: "Excellent. So I had surmised."

He went on then, straight ahead with his demand. It was, most briefly, that at the hour of midnight precisely I should push off from the beach before my cabin with four casks of water of a capacity of some forty gallons each. He would direct me whither.

IT WAS an ominous night, dead calm, so that the tide made not the slightest ripple on the pebbled beach below the threshold of my hut. And always, hour after hour, the curtains of fog from the sea were shifting in thicker and thicker. There would be no wind for the sails of my sloop, I explained. Four casks would make a load too heavy for my dory. We would take them one or two at a time then, he returned. And the price he named for this small labor was breath-taking.

It was patent that such enterprise had no regard for law. We were a modern enough port even in those days; the beamy old schooner, with "Water" painted huge and black on her mainsail, had long since been chopped to kindling. Three of our piers had pipes that would fill any vessel speedily and conveniently. Why then, if there were not some scent of outlawry in the affair, go to the vaster trouble of shipping the water by cask? I asked this: was met with the rejoinder — would I do it, or no? I said I would.

I HAD at the time no love for the law; and much less love for the forces of the coast guard as represented in our parts by Captain Tobit Murtree. It was he, with his lies, who had balked my heart's desire. Let him look out for himself. I rashly thought that Margaret had chosen only riches — in its comparative sense, you understand. Nor did I blame her for that; I with my hut and sloop and daily fare of fish and clams and such canned stuff as my boy's crude work might provide to purchase, was scarcely a dazzling suitor. The point of all this reminiscence is that I struck hands with Cormoran.

We had a long four hours to wait. Cormoran was so nervous and jumpy that he could not for a single space of five minutes remain quiet in one place. Twenty times an hour he was at the door, always to assure himself that the veil of fog hung impenetrable. In this, at least, he was not disappointed. The fog was more dense than I have often seen it; so thick that my white dory, anchored not ten yards from shore, was invisible. And no slightest breath of wind came to dispel the night's gray-

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ness, nor brush the placid, empty surface of the water.

Myself, I was busy with my casks. But busy as I was, Cormoran's restlessness did at last become wearisome to me; and I was glad when the strokes of the booming town clock, strangely muffled by the heavy mist, told me that in half an hour we might push off. We began to load our casks — two of them for the first trip, for that was all the dory would stand — and yet, so eager was his assistance, we had yet a quarter hour to wait until midnight sounded. The twelve tolling strokes were infinitely grateful. On the last stroke my quiet oars — for Cormoran had insisted that the rowlocks be wrapped, though I had showed him how little noise carried on such a night as this — caught the water.

We made slow way, for the load was heavy. At Cormoran's command I steered by my pocket compass, southeast by south, for neither star, lighthouse nor contour of land was to be discerned in that opacity of midnight. Yet Cormoran seemed sure that we would make our mark.

We had gone for some twenty minutes when I heard his hissing whisper; and then discovered dimly that his hand was raised in warning. True enough, there were voices ahead; the harsh voices of men in anger. Then, abruptly, a salvo of pistol shots.

I saw that we were right beneath a vessel, her rudder and its post straight at our bow. There was hard fighting aboard, and almost directly above us. I could see the flash of the pistols; but after the first voices there had been no other sound save a shot, now and then, and the thump of running feet.

"Well," I asked as stolidly as I might, "What now?"

As I had hung on my oars we had been drifting idly along the waist of the little steamer — a yacht she seemed from her slim, tapering lines; without much beam, and light, for her Plimsoll mark was two feet out of water. Now, directly ahead of us, loomed another craft. And instantly I knew this for the coast guard's cutter.

"What is this?" asked Cormoran, his voice shaking, his head thrust forward. I told him. He crawled over athwart, toward me. He had a gun in his hand now. "Go back," he threatened. "Back — damn it — and keep your mouth shut. Understand!"

It was in my mind to answer in the same tone. But what use? All that actively concerned us now was escape. And it was a trick of no great difficulty to slide away unseen in that dense, deadening fog. Shortly we were back on the beach. Without words I collected the half of the money still due me — for I had insisted on the first half in advance before I would bestir myself — and Cormoran lost himself in the darkness.

This was the story I told there at the inquest; the story, so far as I was concerned in it, which I had kept shut in my memory for the twenty years.

* * *

The explanation of the whole affair, as everyone there at the inquest long had known, is a story of

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a dramatic episode in the annals of the revenue service.

A gang of expert artificers, aliens most of them, extremely cunning in their work, had banded together to prepare and issue counterfeit bank notes. Two, Malvado and Stern, were the ringleaders. With exceptional ingenuity they had hit upon the idea of setting up their money factory aboard ship. And Stern, a cashiered officer of a crack European regiment, had been able to play the part of a foreign gentleman of means so adequately that chartering a suitable craft was easily accomplished. And thereafter for several months no one had questioned the business of the trim little yacht *Pendura*, which, with its crew of skilled die-makers and engravers cosily below deck, slid inconspicuously from port to port of the Atlantic.

THEN, as was inevitable in the end, the Federal authorities got the scent; closed down on them suddenly in the port of Boston. They had less than half an hour's start. So quickly was the trap sprung that the *Pendura*, unequipped with condensing apparatus, must needs dash out to sea with almost empty water tanks. This for a voyage that might well prove long and hard run. They had had time only to drop Cormoran ashore, direct him where he would best go for a fresh supply of drinking water. He had come to me.

The fog had made escape easy, almost assured. No soul on shore knew whither they were headed; no one, that is, save Cormoran, their ally. The coast guard for hundreds of miles had been warned, of course. But in that night of overwhelming fog nothing could be seen. The chances were all in the *Pendura's* favor. Yet she had been in our harbor not half an hour when, invisible and inaudible as she was, silently and unseen as she had stolen in, the coast guardsmen were upon her deck. Malvado and Stern, the leaders, were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

IN ALL this time no one but I had known of Cormoran's connection with the gang, and I had practically forgotten it. But at his sudden death there was not much difficulty in piecing together the parts of the puzzle. Cormoran had been at one time an engraver in the Government employ. His skill had few equals; and rising discontent at the niggardliness of Government pay had impelled him to shady operations in his own interest. Ultimately he had been enlisted eagerly by the counterfeiters. When, that night we rowed out to the *Pendura*, disaster had overtaken his confederates and leaders, he had smartly arrived at the decision that his safest burrow was right in the hunting field itself. He foresaw that he might turn his marked talent to other and legal employment; for he had long cherished the itch to paint. So, squatting in that abandoned cabin by the jawbone of the whale, he had daringly enough elected to settle down right among us. And his daring had been justified by the result. Who in this shabby beachcomber, this scarecrow sketcher of wrecks, would have discovered the practised counterfeiter of the *Pendura?*

On one circumstance, though, he

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had not counted. And that oversight was, to him, fatal. In the minds of the men, Malvado and Stern, serving their long sentence in the penitentiary, there could be no doubt that one man, and only one man, could have betrayed them. Who else but their master workman knew where they were that night of their capture? Who else could have told?

The discovery in Cormoran's cabin of the sheet of newspaper I had taken him, a sheet turned to the small item that bulletined Malvado's and Stern's release from prison, indicated that Cormoran, too late, had interpreted what must have passed in their vengeful minds; caught a sinister glimpse of his own approaching doom.

All this, of course, came out in the newspapers. It was, for a day or two, a countrywide sensation. I found myself immediately conspicuous; was harassed by the reporters. To them I made it clear that I had told my whole story; that I knew nothing more. Cormoran had come to me on that dull night so long ago. He had hired me: we had failed. That was the whole of my tale; and there, so far as I knew, the tale ended. The arrest of the man called Stern added tow to the smouldering spark. The story ran on again for a week or so. Then it gradually seeped out; was forgotten. Stern was being held for the murder of Cormoran; was undoubtedly guilty. Malvado, though, who might or might not have had a hand in the assassination, was yet free. I, having put the matter from my mind, busy with my humdrum plans for the trade of the coming summer season, never thought of Malvado. Or of how he might read my story.

* * *

My house, whose painted sign alone proclaims it for a store, stands in a cleft of the highest dunes, three hundred paces from the row of clapboarded cottages where live the summer folk in their season. The store entrance, on the sand road which is our main street, is toward the south: my own living quarters with the porch raised high on pilings gives toward the north. The partition between store and sleeping chamber is thick and sound-proof. It was time now to open that section which served me for business, to stock my shelves, make ready for those who would presently be arriving. Each day my horse and wagon took me to the town; each day I returned slowly, well laden with merchandise.

And on these trips to town, in early morning though they were, I chanced more often than ever before to meet Margaret Murtree. With widowhood, it was rumored, she was well content. Tobit Murtree had been no congenial mate; a huge, loud-mouthed, red-faced braggart, courageous enough, but insatiate in his conceit, heedless of the comforts or rights of others. Seeing his own course, he had held to it stubbornly, reckless of consequence; and had died with few mourners.

So, though Margaret was now near forty, even the few months of peace and independence had smoothed away the lines that had marred her pretty face; her black hair, with only a waving silver strand here and there, was smooth and lustrous as

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when I first knew her, as boy and girl together, bare-legged on the beach. Nor after the manner of most of our women had she grown fat and heavy-hipped; this doubtless because of the active, outdoor life she followed.

Save for the grave greeting of old acquaintances, I had spoken no word with her. Rightly or not, I had the conviction that she had used me ill; that not again, though my heart was drawn to her as steadily as always, should I come creeping, with supplications. Yet so vain is man, I suppose, I did catch myself sometimes before my bit of mirror, wondering if this thin, bronzed, somewhat grizzled man was as straight and strong and eager as the youth who had held the girl Margaret in his arm as their sloop danced delightedly over white-crested wavelets; as the youth who had rowed Cormoran through the blind fog. Twenty years! Is it so long a span? I wonder!

JUNE came; and with it the folk who inhabit the houses on the dunes. My solitude was gone; no longer were the sun and the sea — and the memory of the dead man in yonder cabin — my only companions. The murderer Stern, I saw by my paper's headlines, had escaped the death penalty by the margin of a breath; but was immured again in strong walls for the rest of his days. "The other suspect," a young police reporter, doubtless, had written, "is still at large, a lone wolf, ravening and perilous." I chuckled at the lad's melodramatic fancy, combined with hackneyed words; and forgot the matter.

It was my habit, toward sunset, when the petty needs of the neighbors had been satisfied, to lock the front door of my shop, pass through the door of the partition, and there, in my own privacy, to spend the early hours of the night in idle speculation. Weather favoring, I enjoyed occupying a battered chair on the back porch, a porch built after the manner of a wharf, on high pilings to keep it from slipping clear away from the house down the slope of the dunes, which here fell nearly sheer to the lip of the creamy surf.

But this evening, the demands of trade had kept me in my lamplit store. I, who had had a long day, breathed in audible content as the last purchaser went off up the sand road to the nearest cottage, whose lamp was a furlong distant.

I HAD actually locked my store door, was reaching to turn out the lamp, when a thud on the steps outside told me that still another buyer was importunate for entrance. Then the whinny of a horse corrected that first impression. At once I knew who it must be. And I was physically sensible of a quiver of delight within me. Yet I opened the door and greeted her gravely enough. "Is it trade, Margaret?" I offered, trying to keep my voice level. "Or just a neighborly visit?"

"Well —" She had stepped quickly inside the lamplit store; and before she spoke fully I noticed that her eyes went round the room searchingly, as if to ascertain that we were quite alone. "Well," at length, and her eyes sought mine in that level, frank gaze that was so typical of her; "well, it's not exactly either."

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I had drawn back three paces from the door's opening to leave her room to enter. Now she shut the door behind her, and turned the key. "It's not either," she repeated. "Yet I have something to tell you; something that must be told quickly. But," and I thought she visibly colored, "but not in here. Anyone from outside can see us."

I nodded, understanding. In such a place old stories have long lives. A pretty, juicy morsel of gossip this would make for the cronies of the village: Murtree's widow riding at night to call on her one-time lover!

"On the back stoop," I suggested. "We shall not be town talk out there. Only the stars will — huh —" I was sensibly exhilarated, eager, and consequently tongue-tied and maladroit — "only the stars can — huh — snoop."

THE banality of the word broke the tension. She laughed; almost a chuckle of amusement. But I could see that she was still tense and overwrought. Her bosom rose and fell perceptibly beneath the sheer whiteness of her madras shirting. I was astonished at such agitation in her, for she had ever been restrained; almost — for many years at least — offhand in her manner toward me.

"Yes," she agreed, catching at my suggestion. "Out back. That is a good idea."

I stepped to open the door of the partition to my living quarters. "I will make a light," I said, starting to precede her.

"No. I want to go ahead." She had acted even before I got out the words; literally shoved her way past me into the utter darkness of my sleeping room.

"Turn out the lamp in the store; and follow me — quickly," she directed, standing squarely in my path when I would have pursued her close. And she remained there, squarely in the middle of the doorway, while I, puzzling, went back and extinguished the oil lamp.

As I came back to her she led onward again to the door of the porch.

"That is caught with a hook," I explained, at her shoulder now. "Let me — " but even in the darkness she had found the hook, slipped it, was out on the stoop; more clearly visible now in the dusk.

I followed her, still puzzled, and at a loss for what to say. "Take the chair," I offered. "I'll sit on the steps." The chair stood with its back to the shingled, weathered wall, between the door and the ten steps which led down to the dunes.

"No," she objected again. She seemed stubbornly determined on her own way. "I'll sit on the top step; you sit in the chair." And suddenly she came close, so close that I felt the warmth of her against my shoulder. "No — " in a whisper — "no — please — please — do as I say!"

INSTINCTIVELY, with no conscious volition, my arm was about her, holding her close. But only for an instant. Both her hands pressed on my shoulders, her trembling body suddenly stiffened, pushing away. She was free immediately; had dropped on the step at my feet; was already speaking —

"I want to tell you now what Tobit said — Captain Murtree of

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the coast guard — about — about — the affair of the yacht *Pendura*."

I was bewildered and mystified. To come here of an evening, excited, half-breathless, to talk to me of a matter twenty years past! To explain — to me — who Tobit was — Hell's hatches! Didn't *I* know who Tobit was? Who should know better?

But she continued without pause, deadly in earnest. "The man Cormoran who was killed over yonder had nothing to do with the taking of the yacht *Pendura*. Nor with the arrest of its crew of counterfeiters. And, of course, you didn't have anything to do with it. Cormoran was with you every minute of that evening, from the instant when you first saw him, wasn't he?"

"Of course," I answered. "Why should anyone think that I was involved in the affair? That's utter moonshine, you know."

"Yet there has been talk of it. You were with Cormoran." Her voice came now very slowly and distinctly. "Someone thought that Cormoran had betrayed his friends. Someone thought that: thought it so sincerely that murder seemed fitting retribution."

"Yes. I suppose so," was all I had to say.

"And if he was false, why should you not have had a part in it? You would have received a far greater reward from the Government than the small sum Cormoran paid you for supplying the water. Wouldn't you?"

I was frankly dumfounded. Such a consideration of the affair had never occurred to me. Yet it was perfectly plausible to believe that I might have had a part. True, I did not know anything either of the business of the crew of the *Pendura*, or of its moment of arrival in the harbor, or even remotely of its position in that blinding fog. This I attempted to explain to Margaret.

But she interrupted sharply with: "And who could prove that? It rests only on your word. You were alone with Cormoran for four — five hours. And someone informed the coast guard, for without such information the guard could not possibly have known when that yacht came steaming silently into the fog-bound bay."

"And yet, you insist that Cormoran did not tell."

"He did not." Her tone was flat, positive.

"How do you know?"

"Because my husband told me how the guard knew of the arrival of the *Pendura*."

"Tobit Murtree told you!"

"Yes. It was he who made the arrests. He was on the beach that night."

Here indeed was a situation more than ever difficult to understand. Murtree, a gross man, of no perception, little wit, had of himself solved the mystery of the moment of the yacht's arrival.

"How did he know? If he couldn't see; and couldn't hear; and wasn't told —"

She stopped me. "By the wash!" Her voice had risen, as if intentionally she wished to make her words carry to a distance. "The lapping of the water."

"By the wash?"

"Yes. There was no sound of that yacht. But the bay that night was dead calm. Any steamer, moving no

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matter how slowly, sends out a perceptible wash. The wash of the steamer that night, beating suddenly on the silent beach, told the coast guard perfectly plainly that a vessel had come into the bay. It was then only a question of time till they must find it, for at the condition of the tide there are but few safe berths in our waters for craft of any draught. Now do you understand?"

And I did understand. How often, myself, I have heard that sudden, apparently inexplicable "slap — slap — slap!" on the sand. And not until I had searched far out found the craft that caused it.

CORMORAN, then, had been the unfortunate, innocent victim of a misapprehension. Keen on revenge, his former accomplices had leaped to their conclusion; planned and accomplished their implacable scheme of vengeance.

But how did it all concern me? Happy as I was to have Margaret close to me again; glad with the promise that her confidence implied; I could not comprehend immediately the urgency of her errand, her obvious excitement. The night had grown appreciably lighter; for to the east the moon, a day or two past full, was just clearing the ragged line of the black dunes. I leaned to touch Margaret's hair, her hand — her lips, if she would. But at my touch she rose, though quietly and calmly enough.

"Will you walk down to the sea?" she suggested. Eagerly I went with her; more eagerly for the fact that she linked her arm in mine and walked very close to me, her shoulder pressed against me. We went quickly downward, over three ridges of wind-driven sand, and came to the water's edge where the tide was almost full.

She stopped then to confront me. In the clear moonlight her face was tense even yet, but at the same time joyous, and more beautiful than I had ever known it.

"It worked," she laughed, in that deep, vibrant alto that is so characteristic of her. "It worked. But — but — I was terribly frightened, dear. No — look!"

She pointed back to where, at the top of the dunes, my house was sharply defined against the milky blue of the sky. A figure, a bent, angular figure with long arms swinging pendulous, moved away from the house, scuffling through the sand. He followed the crest, with no effort at concealment.

"That's odd," I exclaimed. "Wonder where he popped out from?"

"That is Malvado," said Margaret. "The man they have not yet arrested."

"What! What is he doing here?"

"He was under your porch while we talked," was her amazing answer.

I COULD not quite understand for an instant. Then I turned and seized her hands. There was small need for detailed explanation now. Her action, her bravery was clear. "You knew he was there when you came, Margaret?"

"Of course!" Her laugh was tremulous, but her hands were firm now in mine. "I was riding by. I saw someone dodge around the corner of your house; hide under the porch. I guessed who it must be. Ever since your testimony at the inquest I feared that they would think you

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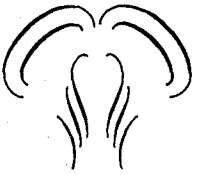
had some share in Cormoran's — not treachery, but what they thought was treachery. I feared that they would treat you as they had treated Cor — "

I stopped her. "And you took the risk, Margaret!"

She had done this for me; ventured her own life to save mine. At every move, as I checked back upon her actions, she had thrust herself into imminent peril. Only so, by telling the true story of the affair so that the lurking murderer beneath her might himself hear and understand, had she thought it possible to save me. With no thought for her own danger, she had gone through with it; spiritedly, courageously, unswerving. And I had thought she did not care: had forgotten!

Although her action proved that I had been wrong in my conjecture; presently, with her own lips, she showed me how very, very wrong I had been.



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What the Tariff Can Do

Especially for the Five Big Agricultural Industries

By Lewis F. Carr

A farmer, shrewd and crude in the old manner, makes a special trip to town to join the local coöperative association.

"Yes," he says, "we've been hearin' for so long that we've got to coöperate, that now — with Mr. Legge and all — we're beginning to believe it."

Others of us have been hearing for a long time that the country must coöperate in protecting its industries, and when the present Protectionist Administration began to give attention to agriculture, there appeared a need for a careful study.

It is the thought apparently of the Administration that ups and downs can be diminished, that the economic current, like the electric one, can be regulated and stabilized, that fluctuations can be ironed out and progress steadied to a more nearly even progression.

Protection itself seems to have a long and impressive, if not a stainless record. When manufacturing was in the home industry stage, it enjoyed a peculiarly high degree of safety. The family lived more at home, produced more of its necessities, could regard what it earned from home industries more as "velvet." This has been described as a "storm-proof condition of society."

But the developing factory system had to face money costs, cash paid out. If the costs exceeded receipts, the industry perished. Though the factory was the property of an individual, it was the thing on which the very life of the community depended. Thus there was real justification for community action in protecting it. Due to the ups and downs of economic trends, there was usually a need for this help. Professor David Hall Rice in his *Protective Philosophy*, holds that no nation has ever been able to attain any appreciable degree of prosperity without extending protection to its industries. It was this protection alone that enabled them to survive the ups and downs, or rather, the "downs" of economic vicissitudes.

According to its advocates, the true aim of Protection is not high prices, as perhaps some of us have supposed, but purely the growth and development of home industries to the point at which they can function profitably at low prices. In the words of Henry Clay:

> The object of protecting manufacturers is that we might eventually get articles of

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necessity made as cheap at home as they could be imported and thereby produce an independence of foreign countries.

This is of course the familiar doctrine of Hamilton in regard to the protection of infant industries. Modern conscientious Protectionists would reindorse this doctrine and add a corollary that an industry can be "infant" for a hundred years, and that whenever extraordinary fluctuations occur, many industries need and are entitled to protection. The case of steel rails is illustrative of the whole argument.

ACCORDING to a chart in Professor Taussig's *Some Aspects of the Tariff Question*, the American price of steel rails in 1872 was $100 a ton, the English price, $65, and the tariff, $28. In other words, the domestic price was roughly the basic world price plus tariff and freight, as we would expect. But Protectionists would say that this temporarily higher domestic price was justified by the great growth of the industry under it, a growth, which in terms of steel, is measured by the increase in production from 68,000 long tons in 1870 to 45,000,000 in 1925. After all, that is "some" growth. And Protectionists would go on to say that the doctrine was finally vindicated by the fact that the American price of steel rails eventually went below the world price. The price trend from 1872 on is decidedly downward. It touched $40 in 1878, rose again, but then started a gradual decline until it was stabilized about 1902 at $28. This price was actually lower than the average world price for the decade preceding the World War, though at times the low dips of the world price supplied Free Trade editors with stage thunder.

Protectionists would endeavor to show the good faith of the Protectionist party by pointing to the gradual reduction of the tariff on rails from $28 in 1872 to $7.84 in 1894, and to $3.92 in 1909. The Underwood Bill of 1913 put them on the free list, a fact, however, which may not be credited to the Protectionist party.

AN INTEGRAL part of the argument is that once an industry has demonstrated that it can operate profitably behind a tariff wall, competition will come in to reduce prices to the world level. American economists have a large collection of instances in which this actually happened.

But it is in the matter of stabilization that Protection plays its most significant rôle. Professor Rice shows that under Free Trade, actual or approximate, prices fluctuate much more violently than in protected countries, because of the dumping of imports. Wool sometimes jumps ten or fifteen cents within a month, pig iron ten to fifteen dollars a ton. Such fluctuations bring great evils. They disrupt legitimate business, tending to force it to be run on an essentially gambling basis. They bring into existence a whole army of speculators, traders and middlemen, who come to think that they are necessary, but who should properly find employment in productive enterprises.

Wheat and cotton are cases in point. The prices of these have never been stabilized or protected, with the result that their respective prices

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have been known to drop from $2.25 to $.90, from 40 cents to eight cents, within a period of three months, whereas in the same slump protected industries were able to hold their prices seventy-odd per cent above the pre-war level. Such fluctuations make necessary the armies of speculators and middlemen who sometimes buy and sell a given quantity of wheat from fifteen to thirty times in its passage from the field to the mill — an unproductive activity, the cost of which must be born by somebody.

ECONOMISTS have been telling us these many years that the real trouble with the textile industry is that it is run almost entirely as a gamble, depending on the price of cotton. With an unregulated, unstabilized, unprotected price of cotton, what could we expect? Protectionists would perhaps say that if steel, pig iron and rails had not been stabilized we would have similar armies of traders, with exchanges and pits in them, to the detriment of national economy.

After the war, conscientious Protectionists said that in view of the disruption in world affairs and the high level of American costs it was reasonable and defensible to grant a new measure of protection to the steel industry. A tariff was laid on in 1922; the price of rails moved to $42 and was stabilized there. It is higher than the world price, but it may work down toward that price. Furthermore, it "stays put," whereas the British price, for example, sometimes fluctuates from $38 to $43 in a single day. To secure this kind of stabilization and the development possible under it, would seem to be the dream of the present Administration.

This is no brief for the Administration, or the party or the Protective system. The evils seemingly inherent in that system have weighed too heavily upon me, as they weighed too heavily upon South Carolina in 1833 and 1860. Remember that in the Civil War, South Carolina was the aggressor against high tariff and high American costs. The North was not the aggressor against slavery. The founders of the Protective system probably did not contemplate that the system would have the effect of raising the general level of American costs far above world levels. But that is what has happened. It is these high American costs that throttle almost every business in America which has to exist on world prices.

IT IS these high American costs that keep American ships off the seas, for they must exist on world rates for shipping. It is because the railroads have had to pay high American costs — protected prices for steel and for most of the thousand and one things they purchase — that they have to charge rates prohibitive to many projects. The rate of $2.52 a ton from the principal mines to tidewater is a second equally potent factor in keeping our coal out of world commerce. It was high freight rates that broke the live stock industry of the West eight years ago, as they are continuing to stifle many other branches of agriculture.

But a consideration of protection for industrial products is really beyond the scope of this article. It is only because the Protectionist point

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of view is now giving attention to agriculture that I write. From the considerations given, the "relief" now being extended to agriculture should be construed as protection. It remains to consider what Protection can do for the five big industries constituting American agriculture, those producing wheat, cotton, corn and meat, fruits and vegetables and dairy products.

FIRST, as to the need, there is one item, which, if accepted by the reader should settle the matter of agriculture's need for protection. That item is that if you apply the usual and accepted methods of accounting to agriculture, making the just and proper charges for interest on the investment, depreciation, maintenance, taxes, miscellaneous expenses, and give full credit for food and shelter furnished by the farm, American agriculture shows a deficit of five billion dollars a year. This conclusion was first announced by Dr. Virgil Jordan of the National Industrial Conference Board and is widely accepted by economists and business groups. It is demonstrable from the figures of any recent year and also by the cumulative loss in value of the American farm plant over a period of years.

A second item should show the nation's need to protect agriculture. It has to do partly with Malthusian considerations, but is not Malthusianism. American agriculture could double its production in five years, could probably quadruple it in twenty years, whereas America's population will hardly double in less than a century and may reach a stable point. But as Sir Daniel Hall says, the great increase in world population in the last century was possible because of the addition of over five hundred million acres to the world's fields; there is no equal area of free land available during the present century. And further: "Our wheat consuming population is increasing at the rate of five million annually, necessitating an increase of twelve million acres, whereas statistics indicate that there is an actual shrinkage of wheat-growing area."

EVEN now, there is a world shortage of wheat. Or at least this may be said: if we apply American standards, there is a world shortage. America has a rather balanced diet, due to her great production of almost all agricultural products. She has plenty of rice and to spare, plenty of potatoes, corn, meat, fruits, vegetables and dairy products; she exports all these, and yet the average American eats about five bushels of wheat a year. Certainly we visualize the time when the rest of the world will come to that standard, which after all is not very high. If we multiply world population — which, according to the League of Nations is 1,906,000,000 — by the American *per capita* consumption, about five bushels a person, we arrive at a possible world consumption of wheat of nine and a half billion bushels. The present world production is four billion bushels, leaving a potential market and a possible need for five and one-half billion bushels more.

Finally, to the contention that America does not need to worry about her agricultural production any more because of the conviction

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that no matter what happens, we shall be fed, if not by our own farmers, then by others — to that contention, I would feel inclined to say, "Don't be foolish." Agriculture produces not only food, but industrial products. Chemists tell us that there are now over three thousand industrial products that can be made from our harvests, in many cases from the waste products of the field. Artificial leather and silk, buttons, paper, wall board, alcohol, substitutes for gasoline, commercial lactic acid, furfural, gun cotton and artificial gas are a few instances. Professor Sweeney of Iowa says that nowhere in the world is there such a great storehouse of cheap raw materials as in the farms of the Middle West. We shall need that storehouse in the future.

So much for the need. And now what can Protection do for wheat?

It can do or try to do what Protection is intended to do—economize marketing, regulate supply, stabilize prices, possibly raise them temporarily, work toward the control of production, protect the industry. If agricultural prices had been protected in 1920, they would not have fallen from 105 per cent above pre-war levels to only sixteen per cent above in three months' time. Protected industrial prices fell only to a point 73 per cent above pre-war levels. Apparently the long-time trends can not be countered. But the terrific fluctuations can be decreased.

Here again, the ups and downs are the crux of the programme. The Administration felt that it was the "highs" in the wheat market that kept the marginal producers in business, losing money in most years, but hoping to make it up at the high times; and further that agencies could be created to buy on the low dips of the market and sell on the highs, thus ironing out the jagged line to a more nearly constant level, which because of its constancy would tend to eliminate the marginal producers and would supply a more stable and safe basis of business for the efficient producers.

Thus the stabilization corporations were provided for. The one in wheat bought wheat on the low dips and advanced $1.18 to cöoperative associations against their wheat which was at the time selling for less in the markets. There was public outcry, condemnation. There still is. But don't forget that the man at the head of the Federal Farm Board is schooled in Protection. For many years, the steel companies of the country have sold steel to the agricultural implement makers under a system of "allowances." For steel used in implements for the foreign trade, an allowance was made; that is, it was sold at a lower price because the implement itself had to pay its own ocean freight and sell in many instances at a cheaper price. So what did the Federal Farm Board do? Holding plenty of wheat itself, it made "allowances" of twelve cents a bushel to millers who would buy from them and export the flour made from the wheat so purchased; in effect, a sort of export debenture plan of its own, the cost of which will be made up by the increase in the domestic price of the wheat it continues to hold. Of course! What else would the Board do?

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Naturally, there was an outcry, the same outcry that always rises from middlemen when Protection is attempted. Professor Rice shows how under Free Trade the margin between wholesale and retail price is always large, the "spread" costly, the middleman's tax burdensome. In a very true sense, Protection is the effort to market in an orderly way, and that lessens the function of the middleman. The Federal Farm Board is extending Protection to the wheat industry by attempting to market wheat direct from the field to the mill at a stable price. That is Protection. And it means, as Protection has meant in the past, the elimination of those who do not perform an efficient and valuable service.

IN COTTON, the situation has been even more difficult, because we export such a larger percentage of the crop. The Board "pegged" cotton at 16 cents by lending that amount to coöperatives against their cotton. The market price went lower, the Board bought in the open market to bolster the price, and there were outcries, charges of a "squeeze," cries of scandal, everything. There is getting under way in this country at present a large fund for the circulation of propaganda against the Federal Farm Board. It is being supported in many cases by the advocates of Protection who do not know they are fighting the very thing that they advocate.

In both wheat and cotton, the Board plans extensive educational and crop-planning campaigns. Large areas in both wheat and cotton can be gradually won to the production of grades which sell on a quality market. For instance, the Board feels that the Southeast can not grow ordinary cotton profitably. Its programme for that section is one of education toward better grades in cotton and toward more diversification in farming.

In the third great industry, live stock and corn, Protection can function to advantage by stabilizing markets and thus cutting down expenses of marketing; by encouraging coöperatively owned commission firms, which can and do save the farmer money; by fostering direct marketing from the farm to the packer. The experience of American industry indicates that producers, in order to obtain best results, must own or control the machinery for marketing their products. Following its philosophy of Protection, the Government is extending aid to live stock producers to assist them in orderly marketing. That coöperation can function in the case of live stock in the ways indicated is a proved fact.

IN FRUITS and vegetables, Protection is needed in the form of cooperation. For instance, chaos has almost always reigned in the shipping of the Florida citrus crops. The Board lent the Florida Citrus Growers, Inc., three million dollars in an effort to unify their marketing. If successful, it will mean that in place of several hundred individual agencies shipping haphazardly, one agency will be directing that shipment with commercial intelligence. Much lost motion, waste and inefficiency will be eliminated. Similar action is pending among the grape growers of California, the cherry

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growers of Wisconsin, the seed potato people in Michigan, the general farmers of New York State and others.

And now what about the milkman? He really is the farmer that should profit most from protection. And this is why:

Milk is perishable. An overproduction of even ten per cent above the need will demoralize the market. And yet in the spring and early summer of every year, there is a tremendous overproduction of milk, due principally to fresh grass in pastures. Thus over the year there is a fluctuation in supply of from thirty to fifty per cent above the market needs to from ten to twenty per cent under those requirements. And the market under Free Trade conditions is likely to remain generally at the demoralized level. As a result, dairymen the country over do not get more than three or four cents a quart for their milk, and it retails from twelve to fifteen cents.

Here is a big "spread." Here is the same situation that obtains in England under Free Trade, that obtains in industrial and agricultural products the world over in Free Trade, unregulated, unprotected conditions. The dairy industry needs Protection.

It can save the dairy industry. In one case the farmers got together, got control of production, made arrangements for the conversion of the surplus fluid milk of the spring into canned products, and served notice on distributors that they would be ready to bargain their milk when the distributors should set up an efficient system of distribution; and as a result those farmers are now obtaining eight and nine cents for their milk instead of three cents, and the consumer is paying practically nothing more. This began before the war and is continuing today. To be sure, there were exterior factors, chief among them, the war itself, which raised the price of milk in the outlying provinces so that the distributors had to come to terms with the local producers. But the point is that coöperation, helped by exterior factors, succeeded in attaining a situation which is better for the dairymen, better for the people of that city, better for the business of that locality, and of the nation.

Coöperation is going to succeed in dairying throughout the country. To be sure, local coöperatives do not have the exterior factor of the war on their side now. But they have another, in fact two more, the United States Government and Alexander Legge.

The Federal Farm Board is apparently here to stay. The passage of the act and the creation of the Board were momentous steps. These acts lead to new political thought. The chairman of the Board says: "Whatever power exists at Washington must look to the good not only of business, but also of agriculture, to the good of producers, transporters, processors and all others who perform a useful and efficient service, including the milkman."

This is bigger than traditional Republicanism. It is free from certain narrownesses of Democracy. It is actually a sort of *Panocracy*, a belief — now expressed for the first time — in the possibility and practicality of rule according to the good of all. And this is progress.

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This Laugh Business

By Homer Croy

Humorous attractions treated seriously from the inside point of view

Amusement parks they're called — the suburban parks where people go to have a good time. And the way to make people have a good time is to make them laugh. Sometimes they laugh, and then sometimes — but that, Monsieur, is a sad, sad story.

If they laugh, all is well and good; the money comes jingling pleasantly into your purse. But if they don't laugh, the money goes jangling in another direction, and no money in the world can get away quite so fast as money spent on making people laugh when they simply don't and won't, darn 'em.

But who can tell what will make people laugh, even when they want to laugh? There are Laws of Laughter. Park people know why you laugh — that is, sometimes they do.

Have you visited an amusement park lately? Do you remember a barrel at the entrance to one of the sections, a huge red barrel lying flat and turning over and over? Maybe you have tried to walk through it. Did you ever happen to think why that barrel was there instead of in some other place in the amusement grounds? Well, it wasn't dropped there by accident. Half a dozen men sat around a table with a lot of blueprints scattered over it, and smoked many cigars before the location was hit upon, for it makes a mighty difference where that barrel is placed.

There are two laws engraved on the park showman's tablets. One is to "Bring 'Em In Laughing"; and the other is to "Send 'Em Out Laughing."

People are queer. It's easy to make them laugh, after you have pried the first laugh loose. Human beings go around with their faces frozen and set; they don't know how to laugh, and it takes a jolt to get that first laugh, but once the ice is broken, the laughs come fairly easily. But that first one — it's what makes park showmen old before their time.

Do you remember what happened to you after you got through that terribly, ceaselessly, terrifically rolling barrel? You started to walk across a platform, and suddenly it shook like a leaf in the Great Wind, and then you started to walk past a pile of barrels, one stacked on top of another, and just as you got up to them they gave a lurch and started to fall on you. And then, as you

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jumped back, a terrific gust of wind came from below and swept your skirts where skirts should never be in public. Do you remember how you fought and squealed and tried to get those pesky skirts back where skirts properly belong, while all the time you thought you'd die of mortification? And then suddenly the hurricane was turned off and they floated down as lightly as a cherry blossom on a lovely May morning.

WHILE you stood there, a man came through. Oh, he thought he'd be wise! He wouldn't let those rope-tied barrels tumble on him, and so he skittled over to the other side. And an attendant, who was standing there, unnoticed, reached out and touched him under his coat tails with an electric wand. Do you remember how suddenly he thought he was an Alabama Coon Jigger? He jigged all over the place, because it isn't fun to be touched with an electric spark when and where you're not expecting it. Do you remember how you laughed in spite of yourself? You looked around, and there was a whole crowd of people, with their faces open, just having an awfully good time watching you. Pretty soon you stopped and watched the others as they came in, and laughed at them for doing the very things you yourself had done! Well, they had brought you in laughing.

But some don't laugh. They sue. It isn't funny for them to have their skirts blown to Jericho, and so they set the law on the park man, who already has enough troubles of his own. And sometimes they collect, which isn't so funny. But it is generally found that the people who have their dignity shocked are professional collectors; then the laugh is on the other cheek.

In the whole category of outdoor park laugh-makers, there is nothing surer than the puff of naughty air that sends the skirts floating gaily aloft, and especially if it is a fat woman who comes ambling along and gets in the way of the rapidly ascending air. Every fat woman who passes over that platform is worth a dollar to the amusement park man. And strange to say the people who laugh most at the distressed creature are the women themselves. They like to line up, on the inside, and see other pilgrims like themselves meet with the same difficulty which harassed themselves a few terrified moments before.

THE person who manœuvres the drafts of air that shoot upward is a very important person in purveying amusement to outdoor patrons. He can turn on the air so softly and gently that it is only a zephyr moving languidly across the evening meadows, or he can turn on a hurricane that knows no mercy. And he must know when to turn it off. He doesn't turn it on all the women who come across the treacherous platform, but picks his customers. An old, dignified lady runs no more risk than she would in the seclusion of her drawing room; but a young and giddy girl, out for a good time, is going to have something happen to her! But the blower-man is only human; sometimes he picks the wrong woman; the woman is older then he thinks, or more dignified, and he makes the mistake of closing the switch.

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To offset this, and to select an operator who would be more lenient with the unsuspecting ladies, one park manager hired a woman and put her in command of the air. But he had to change her — she was too merciless. He tried another, and he had to change her, too. They showed less generosity to the women in their plight than did the men operators. The reason was that the women were so anxious to do a good job and to make the patrons waiting on the sidelines laugh, that they turned on the air full blast, when a gusty swirl would have sufficed. And so now, if you will pause at the next air blower, you will see that the person in charge is a man. Also pause a moment to note the persons he lets go by without torturing them with the wind of the seven devils. Many a woman has walked over the platform and never dreamed of the hidden perils that lurked below.

You have gone in laughing; the ice is broken. You will now laugh at something which, a few moments before, would have seemed about as funny as a cry for help. And that is point One, in the Laws of Laughter.

And as you have gone along the Midway of any amusement park, have you ever heard the sound of people laughing? What a good time they were having! Rather wanted to go in yourself, didn't you? Well, you didn't happen to hear those people laughing by mere chance. No, indeed. It was all calmly, coolly, scientifically planned. In the business it is called a "Walk-Through Show." That is, an attraction where you start in at one end, and keep on going until you come out the other. Not a show where you sit down and listen to actors sing, dance or otherwise, but one where you are the actor yourself. There are dozens of Walk-Through Shows with fancy names: The Fun House, Fun on the Farm, Noah's Ark, Mystic Maze, and Over the Falls, are samples.

You buy your ticket and then start in at one end, quietly and sedately. But the further along you go, the worse it gets. Louder and funnier. Suddenly, as you come near the end of it, you step on what seems a solid part of the floor, but it gives way and you lurch forward; a skeleton leaps out, a horse-fiddle squawks in your ear and a terrific gust of air swirls under your feet while you shriek at these phantoms of the night which beset you — and then laugh at your childishness. There is nothing that would harm the first crocus of spring, but you have shrieked at the top of your voice, and have had a good old-fashioned, liver-shaking laugh.

You come out and look about you. You are on the street and the show is over. But your laughter has been heard by other people hesitating and fumbling at their dimes, and that is the Second Law: Send 'Em Out Laughing.

But it's not so simple as it sounds. People have a funny way of not laughing as they should. Life, for the summer park managers, would be much sweeter and nicer if people wouldn't be so contrary. A manager spends a lot of his hard-earned money on the finest laugh-provoking contrivance ever produced, installs it, advertises it, has an opening, and the people come away looking like

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icebergs in the North Atlantic. And then some fool thing that you hardly think worth trying will be a riot. Extremely upsetting, it is.

CONSIDER the case of William F. Mangels, who has more than fifty patents to his credit, all meant to purvey happiness to patrons of summer parks. He is responsible for the Razzle-Dazzle and the Tickler and for promoting the Whip. The royalties on the Whip alone have amounted to $300,000.

Not so long ago Mr. Mangels got the biggest idea of all. It was a much better idea than the Whip and had a novelty that the public had never seen. He drew up the blue prints, got the best builders and mechanics he could find, and set to work on the million dollar idea. This new one was to mingle laughs and thrills — the dream of all park men. At last, the device was finished and the great day came for trying it on the public, for nothing can be told about a new device in advance. Your friends may say they laughed themselves sick and that it is bound to ring up a million, and then it is tried out and the public, which has to pay money to pass the clicking turnstile, says something different.

And so it was now. The device failed. Miserably.

"It failed because it was paced too slowly," said Mr. Mangels. "I was ten years late."

And then sometimes something so simple that nobody with any brains would even consider it comes along and rings the cash drawer bell. As witness:

One day a man at an amusement park astonished the other concessionaires by driving up a truck loaded with cheap crockery and dishware. Concessionaires watch each other like stock brokers, and when they saw this misguided man, new to the game, fit up a booth and spread a set of dishes on it, they shook their heads.

A brother concessionaire wandered over.

"What are you going to do with those dishes — sell them?" he asked.

"No. I'm going to let people throw at them."

IT WAS taken as a joke. People wouldn't want to throw at dishes; that would be ridiculous. But the man went calmly ahead; he furnished bricks and balls and flatirons, and to the amazement of the other concessionaires the public walked up and began to whang away. A psychologist or psychoanalyst might have explained it by some theory of repression — that people often get mad and want to throw things around at home but are restrained at the thought of the breakage. Anyway, the dish-throwing booth was a great success and the song of the cash register rattled in the ears of the others up and down Concession Row. Such a success was it, that it is now to be found in almost every amusement park in the land.

Some of the things that people laugh at are coolly calculated and scientifically nurtured. They are built up, little by little, added to here, taken away there, until they are almost certain laugh-makers. And then comes along a big laugh-maker which no one ever thought of before. A hundred inventors will be working on things to make people laugh, a

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thousand showmen will be racking their brains to find out just one new angle of laugh-getting, and then the new idea falls like Newton's apple.

A FEW seasons ago there was a storm in Florida, and when people ventured out again a house was found balanced on the edge of a cliff, held in such a way that it would not fall. Chains and ropes were placed to secure it and curious people started walking through it to see what whimsies the storm had played. As they walked through the tilting house, they had a curious sensation; they complained of being dizzy and when they came out they talked about how creepy it felt. The house became quite a local attraction, and tin-can tourists, getting out of their cars, came and marveled.

One day an amusement park man walked through it, and as he walked he pondered. Here was a new idea; people liked it; people would pay money to see it. And so he had a house built, using the same idea as that of the dislodged dwelling. He had the floors slanting and the windows set so that when a person walked in, the house seemed natural in every way; but after the person had taken a few steps he thought that it must be a terrible night at sea. Even the electric light fixtures were slanted to correspond to the sides of the room. The furniture was arranged with the legs of the table shorter on one side than on the other. And then as a final touch of art, a stream of water was allowed to run along a trough. A blind entrance was set up so that the people could not see how the rooms were arranged, and then the crowds were allowed to go through. Their feet had the curious feeling of stepping on nothing at all and they stumbled along like children who had been too long at ring-around-the-rosie. And among the strange and ghostly sights, they saw the stream of water running up hill! Kind of creepy, it was, when you have always understood that water flowed only down hill. Then the sight-seers were sent through a dark exit into a world where their feet found what they expected to find. Afterward these Marco Polos told strange and weird tales of their travels, and business was quite good, thank you.

The explanation was simple. Everything was set at such an angle that the person going through the house had nothing to orient himself by, and he had the strange and creepy feeling of a world gone mad. The house was given various names, from The Mysterious Knockout, to Damfino. And under such names it is operating today.

LAST summer at one of the resorts a strange sight was to be seen. It was a small group of men standing across the street from a gravity ride, silently watching and studying it. It was two o'clock in the morning, and as the men listened peals of laughter rose and fell, while bright cars raced and roared along a gravity track. Two o'clock in the morning, when normally park business is over at midnight! A few of the attractions keep open house after that hour, but they hardly pay expenses. Yet here people were lined up, actually pushing and shoving to get on. And, once these people were on, they stayed for repeats.

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The showmen, who thought they knew the laugh business inside and out, couldn't understand it. People paying thirty-five cents for one minute and forty seconds of pleasure! And the ride was contrary to all accepted methods of what was necessary to give people a good time. There was no "flash front" — that is, the entrance was not grotesque with *papier mâché*, painted canvas, beaver board and plaster. Instead, it was just a simple, commonplace entrance. Never had it been heard of before in amusement circles. But inside that simple, prosaic entrance was something that the people wanted — thrills and laughter coming thick and fast. The laughs had been speeded up. When a car started down the gravity ride, a trail of laughter floated out behind it like the tail of a comet. The people were jiggled and joggled, but not enough to upset them; they were pleasantly thrown against each other, and they could come out without looking as if they had met a Kansas cyclone face to face. Speed, thrills, laughter — the perfect combination. And now the gold rush is on. They are all hastening to equip themselves with this new golden three.

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The Sport of Kings

By Lupton Allemong Wilkinson

Following the big races discloses some momentous data about the regal pastime

"Two things only the people anxiously desire — bread and the circus games."

The line is from Juvenal's Tenth Satire, and Juvenal was right.

We no longer feed minority sects to the lions, except perhaps in covert psychological ways, and the cruelties we practise on men whose maladjustment to life has made them criminals are furtively hid away behind frowning stone walls.

Man's love of excitement, however, still remains and must be fed in wholesome ways. Vicarious drama must be available. The deadening routine of modern life leaves the individual with an imperative craving to experience, by identification with actors in thrilling spectacle, some of the blood-stirring pulsations that only intense and vivid competition can afford.

Probably our nearest approach to the pageantry and mass excitement of the Roman circus can be found at the thirty-odd tracks in the United States where the thoroughbred running horse competes for purses aggregating $11,000,000 a year. Society, the big S Society of *The Social Register*, combs Paris and vies with Hollywood to disport at Belmont, at Saratoga, at Churchill Downs and at Arlington Park the latest creations of the world's most expensive modistes. In a maelstrom of democracy, all the remainder of the social scale is also in evidence, down to the day laborer, often black as to skin and happy if he can get within a few yards of that fascinating animal, the horse, with a dollar or two to back the judgment of instinctive liking or nights of careful calculation.

Horse racing, which has had its millions of devotees in the United States for years, moved, in 1930, to the front pages of the newspapers, to an extent not comparable to any year since 1919, when Man o' War swept all opposition before him and became a part of the nation's news. Three factors in 1930 have stimulated public interest in racing as it had not been stirred since that wonder horse gave fillip to a form of entertainment which adversities of various kinds, principally the passage of the Hughes anti-racing law in New York State, had brought to a precarious point of instability.

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In the first place, 1930 saw the visit to the United States, including Kentucky, of George Henry, Lord Villiers, seventeenth Earl of Derby. The genial Englishman, for whose family the British racing classic is named, journeyed to the Blue Grass State, contracted a bad cold, asked to be carried on a stretcher to see Man o' War, now in sultanic splendor at a historic Kentucky breeding farm, and then stood in a cold rain, at Churchill Downs, Louisville, to broadcast greetings to American sport lovers after the annual running of the Kentucky Derby. But with all due respect to the titled guest of America's racing upper set, nature sent a more effective ambassador — another truly great horse.

In 1929 Harry Payne Whitney's Whichone, a son of Chicle and Flying Witch, won the Futurity, run annually at Belmont Park, New York. This is a fixture, rich in tradition and money value, for which entries are nominated before the nominees are foaled. Whichone's share of the purse was nearly $100,000 and he earned it so convincingly that smart horsemen began to talk about the handsome two-year-old as another Man o' War. Third in that same race was a large-framed bay, which did not get to running in the early stages but which was closing in resolute fashion when the winner flashed across the finish line. That third horse was Gallant Fox, by Imported Sir Galahad III out of Marguerite.

The three outstanding races for three-year-olds in the United States are the Preakness, run at Pimlico, Baltimore; the Derby, at Churchill Downs; and the Belmont Stakes, contested at the magnificent course of the same name, on Long Island.

This year the big bay which finished third in the Futurity had filled out to match his conformation. He was pointed, *i.e.*, trained especially, for the Preakness. The son of Sir Galahad III was away slowly in that race and the head of the stretch found him running eighth. Three times his rider tried to weave a way through the pack, and three times the front runners blocked him off. Then the colt was taken to the extreme outside where he came around the field, charged down before the cheering crowd in a phenomenal burst of speed, and won as he pleased. A little more than a week later he broke in front in the Kentucky Derby and stayed in front all the way.

Meanwhile Whichone, too, had thrived over the winter. On the occasion of his first out in 1930 he led home a cheap band in sparkling time. Then he won the time-honored Withers, at a mile, running last more than half the way and sweeping through the stretch as Gallant Fox had done in the Preakness.

On June 7 these two horses met in the sixty-second annual running of the Belmont, and few racing duels have aroused such widespread interest. Turf followers fancied Whichone, remembering last year's Futurity, and the Whitney horse was odds-on, 3 to 5; while 8 to 5 could be had on Gallant Fox.

The rider of the big bay broke him in front and took a snug hold. Five times competitors worked up close and each time the restraint on the smooth-running leader was eased for

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just a few strides and he bounded away. Down the stretch Whichone passed all the others save Gallant Fox and seemed for some breathless moments to be catching the front one. The leader was "let down" for the last time, drew away with superb ease and crossed the finish line four lengths in front, in 2:31 and 3 5. The mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes has never been run faster. In a race of another name, Man o' War set the track record for the distance, 2:28 and 4 5. Man o' War was running on a lightning fast oval and carried 118 pounds. Gallant Fox's sterling performance was over a surface slowed by a morning of drizzling rain and he had 126 pounds up. The crowd, which had bet heavily on the defeated horse, tendered the winner the most resounding ovation that any turf reporter present could remember.

BY WINNING the Belmont, Gallant Fox brought his total earnings to $198,730 and took seventh rank among American money winners. Zev, first in the list, won purses totalling $313,639. The 1930 Belmont winner was declared out of the $50,000 American Derby, run June 14 at Washington Park, Chicago, remaining East to garner the rich Dwyer at Aqueduct later in the month. Sound in wind and limb, eligible, when he has swept the Eastern three-year-old fixtures, for the $25,000 Latonia Derby, the $70,000 Arlington Special and other rich prizes in the West, Gallant Fox seems likely to surpass the world's money-winning record of the former French champion, Ksar, who brought his owner $335,340. To those who love racing he is already enrolled among the immortals.

No horse, no matter how fine, contains the potentiality of drama that a human can offer, and the third and most effective advertising agent for racing in 1930 has been a sandy-haired, 31-year-old rider, Earl Sande. Years ago a blue-eyed boy ran away from home in Idaho to ride on the "bush" tracks of the West. He came to be America's ablest jockey, noted equally for clean and skilful riding. At what was then thought to be the height of his fame, he went down in a mad spill at Saratoga and for weeks was expected to die. He recovered, and returned to brilliant triumphs in the saddle. He married the niece of Sam Hildreth, a famous trainer, and millions sympathized with him when Mrs. Sande died.

The task of making weight became apparently too much for Sande. He announced his retirement, bought some horses, trained them himself, and dropped most of the money he had saved. This year his weight went down, and he decided to come back.

WHAT a come-back! Sande has been the rider on all of Gallant Fox's victories of the year, contracting for ten per cent of the purses and receiving bonuses each time from William Woodward, the millionaire owner of the shining bay. Also, Sande, riding probably the most spectacular race of his life, won the Suburban, a tradition-hung stake for older horses, by a scant nose on Peetee Wrack, half brother to Gallant Fox. The record ovation at Belmont Park after the vanquishing

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of Whichone was, as one reporter phrased it, equally a tribute to Gallant Sande.

Nature, I said, sent 1930's ambassador from horse-racing to the public. Nature has been helped by a vast deal of careful thought and millions of money. Every thoroughbred horse traces back to one of three Arabian stallions, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Arabian or Barb, imported into England in the Seventeenth Century. The study of how best to blend the divergent lines has been the hobby of uncounted rich men in the centuries since. Equine eugenics works. In the past fifty years the height of thoroughbreds has increased nearly two inches and to their average weight has been added 150 pounds. Speed, the breeding goal, has accounted for new records from three furlongs to three miles.

A glance at the family trees of the two major competitors in this year's Belmont would show that, whatever part luck may play on the race course, blood-lines, crossed and recrossed with skill, are the breeder's mainstay.

THE banker owner of Gallant Fox has bred horses for fifteen years. Such rich men, loving the horse for the horse's sake, are the backbone of racing. They have carried it through its many perils to its present popularity and prosperity; they have kept the Jockey Club a virile influence toward cleanness in the sport, and from their stewardship must be hoped and expected certain further reforms that are imperative in a field that has always had its sinister fringe of unsavory hangers-on. Other names in the East which stand high on racing's roster are August Belmont and Payne Whitney, now dead, Harry Payne Whitney, Walter J. Salmon, W. R. Coe, John Sanford, William Averil Harriman, Joseph E. and George Widener, Gifford A. Cochran, W. S. Kilmer, Howard Cushman, Mrs. H. C. Phipps and her brother, Ogden Mills, Mrs. Payne Whitney and Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt. Sportsmen all, including the ladies.

KENTUCKY, with its rolling blue grass hills, is the paradise of the breeder. More than one hundred breeding farms dot the pleasant landscape of that State and, while figures are not available on many of the costly establishments, the investment in horse-breeding in Kentucky is generally conceded to be in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. Elmendorf, in Fayette County, owned by Joseph E. Widener, who succeeded the late August Belmont as star patron and watchdog of racing in the East; Xalapa Farm, in Bourbon County, the property of Edward F. Simms, multimillionaire oil man; the Greentree Farm, pride of Mrs. Payne Whitney; the Idle Hour Farm, where Colonel E. R. Bradley names his horses with a B and sends them East and West to compete with the finest; the Himyar Stud of P. T. Chinn; the Hartland Stud, in Woodford County, of former United States Senator Johnson N. Camden, and the Claiborne Stud, owned by A. B. Hancock, who is also master of Ellerslie in Virginia, are a few of the leading Kentucky establishments.

Virginia, where blue grass also

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grows, Maryland and New York are the next most important breeding States, with California returning fast toward a former eminence. Admiral Cary T. Grayson, formerly physician to President Wilson, and "Ned" McLean, owner of *The Washington Post*, lead the contingent of racing and breeding patrons in the vicinity of Washington.

The stud fees for famous sires indicate the high value of potential stake winners. Man o' War's fee is $5,000. Sir Galahad III and Sun Briar are held at $3,000. Broomstick, St. Germans, Chicle, Peter Pan and the unbeaten Colin stand for $2,000; and Black Toney, Bubbling Over, Mad Hatter, North Star III, Royal Minstrel, Reigh Count and Display are also reputed to be in that charmed circle. There are many whose fee is $1,000.

NEW YORK, Illinois, Kentucky and Maryland are the principal scenes of thoroughbred racing, with Florida making a growing bid and New Orleans operating two winter tracks. Tracks of lesser importance hold meetings in Ohio, Missouri, Utah, California and one or two other States. Across the Canadian border is a thriving circuit, centering about Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. In the winter Havana and Agua Caliente, Mexico, compete with Florida and New Orleans. More than 8,000 running horses are now in training on the North American continent and they will earn for their owners in purses an average of $1,750 apiece this year.

There are four race courses contiguous to New York City — Jamaica, Aqueduct and Belmont Park on Long Island, and Empire City, owned by William Butler, of chain store fame, near Yonkers and Mt. Vernon, in Westchester County. The season begins in May, each track having a spring meeting. Then, in August, the horses and those who follow them go to Saratoga Springs for a brilliant month. September, October and early November see a second rotation among the New York City tracks. Maryland has four major tracks, each with a meeting in the spring and another in the autumn. Three tracks in Kentucky follow about the same calendar as the Maryland courses.

THERE are six active tracks in Illinois, five near Chicago and one at East St. Louis. They are busy, in rotation, spring, summer and fall. Arlington Park, Chicago, on June 30 of this year, began a thirty-day session at which the purses offered totalled $650,000. There are no profits for stockholders at this track, no salaries for executives. It is one of the world's most pretentious sporting ventures. Otto W. Lehman, Laurence H. Armour, Weymouth Kirkland, John R. Thompson, Jr., Roy D. Keehn, Charles A. McCulloch and John Hertz are among the financial and social leaders of the Middle West who sponsor the association and serve on its board.

More than 5,000,000 annual paid admissions to race tracks in the United States represent a steady tribute of patronage and enjoyment to the high standards of competition which have been set up and maintained by the men who rule racing. It would be pleasant to paint only the attractive features of the picture

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and let the ugly phases go, but there is no blinking the fact that the professional gamblers of the country have closed their talons on racing to a degree which, while rarely corrupting the sport itself, makes the operation of the tracks an unwilling auxiliary to illicit turnovers of money aggregating possibly $2,000,000,000 a year.

That figure is an estimate. A conscientious attempt to learn the amount of gambling on horse racing in the United States meets with as many discouragements as a similar effort to record accurately the consumption of alcoholic liquors. In either case a man with a point to prove can evolve impressive "statistics." In either case an undiluted quest for information results merely in a collation of guesses, with the certain conclusion, however, that a staggering amount of the traffic exists.

THE vast bulk of gambling on the races is illegal. In Kentucky and Maryland it is legal so far as wagers at the tracks themselves are concerned. The system used is called *pari-mutuel*. The total amount of money wagered (in three separate pools — bets for first place, bets for second and bets for third) is awarded to the bettors who hold the winning tickets, each man getting a share in proportion to the amount of his "investment." A deduction is made as the track's handling charge and to help pay State taxes, which average $7,500 a day for each track. In Illinois an ingenious system brings track gambling within the law, and the distribution of "profits" is on the *pari-mutuel* basis.

Kentucky and Illinois are not disposed to be frank about the totals wagered at their meetings. Maryland, which is not nick-named the Free State for nothing, doesn't give an old horseshoe who knows. In 1929, at the four big Maryland tracks, the amounts bet at the spring and autumn sessions came to $54,420,867.

THE consideration of this total leads to a somewhat inflated mental picture, unless one takes into account a peculiar, inherent fallacy. Let us imagine, for instance, the case of a man who goes with $500 to a twenty-five day meeting at a *mutuel* track and spends a month in the excitement of trying to outguess his neighbor as to which of the outstretched noses will come first to the finish line. He wins his first race, or makes a winning bet before his capital is exhausted. Thereafter he has a fluctuation of luck, winning as often, or as much, as he loses. Let us say that he never gets more than $1,000 ahead and that, steadily through the meeting, he bets an average of $143 a race, or $1,000 a day. Let us also assume that he is fortunate enough, when he cashes in his tickets on the seventh race at the end of the twenty-fifth day, to have in hand exactly $500, the sum with which he started. This hypothetical patron has never held more than $1,500 at one time, but he has added $25,000 to the total *mutuel* play of the meeting. Furthermore, the track and State, through the 6½ per cent rake-off on each race, have collected a broker's commission of $1,625 on his wagers!

The answer to this seeming paradox is that somebody else has had to

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lose $1,625 in order for Mr. Hypothetical to break even. Put another way, a man who goes to a *mutuel* track on any one day and bets an equal amount on each of the seven carded races has a percentage against him of 45, or about seven times 6½. He must be nearly two to one smarter, or luckier, than his average neighbor in order to break even.

The $54,000,000 does not seem quite so large after this analysis, but $54,000,000 is real money, even in repeated wagers.

THE odds against a *pari-mutuel* player would seem a sufficiently forbidding handicap, but compared to the chances of the day-in-and-day-out customer of the New York bookmaker, the *mutuel* system offers virtual philanthropy. Even the apologists for the bookmakers admit that the prices quoted by these thin-lipped gentry are scaled on the basis of a ten per cent rake-off, no matter which horse wins. Critics of the system contend that fifteen per cent is nearer the right figure, and that place and show bets (wagers that the horse will come in at least second or third) are laid at prices guaranteeing a broker's commission of, respectively, fifteen and thirty per cent.

These figures are probably high, but there is another catch. In the *mutuel* machines cold mathematics is king. The percentage against the bettor is automatically fixed, and public. The price he gets for his winning selections is determined by how many other people at the track were right about the race. He really is in a guessing contest with his fellow patrons and he has, for the most part, the same information as they from which to make his deductions.

The bookmakers are not satisfied with any such impartiality. They protect themselves generously on the mathematical basis, and then they bring to bear one of the most elaborate information systems in the world, to see to it that the sucker never gets a break. The highly paid trio which fixes prices from minute to minute during the twenty-five minute intervals before each race at a New York track have the benefit of every fragment of ascertainable knowledge about each horse in each race — his workouts, just how long he has been getting ready, his other engagements (sometimes indicating that he is "pointed" really for some more important stake a little later and may be merely racing himself into condition) and the amount of money which known agents or friends of the stable are betting on the entry. This, plus the benefit of the calculations of expert handicappers on the horse's maximum potentiality against his competitors of that day, all goes into the "laying" of a price.

IF THE crowd is betting heavily on a horse which the bookmakers have reason to believe will lose, the mathematical standard prevails, and the bookies keep the figure low enough, in proportion to what is bet on other horses, to prevent any loss to them if their information is awry. On the other hand, if there is light betting on a horse which the combined informational resources of the bookmakers indicate has a better chance than the crowd surmises, the price is artificially shaved to fit what is considered by the bookies as the true chance of the entry.

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Throughout the betting period scores of runners move swiftly between the bookmakers and their central clearing house. All bets are carried to the price-fixers for their consideration, both as to volume and source, and new prices are brought back, with amazing speed. These shifting prices are gobbled with avidity, and without question, by a milling crowd that jostles frantically to hand to the bookmakers little slips of paper, each containing the name of a horse, the amount bet, the amount that would be won at the prevailing figure, and the signature of the bettor.

It is not hard to understand why one of the bigger bookmakers, who recently died, left an estate in excess of $15,000,000, nor is it difficult to credit the story that another of the "big boys" dropped $5,000,000 in the stock market crash last year and was able to shrug his shoulders and smile.

BOOKMAKERS travel from track to track on the New York circuit, moving with the horses. About fifty operate on "the lawn" in front of the main grandstand, and a more élite twenty breathe the rarefied financial atmosphere of the club house porch. Bets are eagerly solicited, except by the club house contingent, credit is easy to establish, and there are no formalities or difficulties of any kind in the way of the would-be bettor.

On the basis of the Maryland figures, it is reasonable to estimate wagers of $50,000,000 annually at the Kentucky tracks, $75,000,000 in Illinois, and $100,000,000 under the outlaw bookie system at the New York courses. What is wagered in Florida, at New Orleans and at the smaller tracks will easily bring the annual total of track play to $300,000,000.

Before looking for the remainder of the estimated annual total of $2,000,000,000 it is necessary to recall a bit of racing history. The sport in the United States, beginning with early Colonial days and originally sponsored by the cavaliers of Charleston and its vicinity, spread in popularity, and in unmanageability, until, in 1894, it was almost wholly in the clutches of professional gamblers. Scandals were rife. Horses were painted, names were changed, electric batteries were placed under saddles, and, lest some of the gullible escape, meetings were held in the blinding snow of northern winters and at night under the glare of electric lights.

THE Belmonts, the Whitneys and other responsible horse owners in the East set out to effect reformation. The Jockey Club was formed, to the infinite good of racing. But the malodorousness of conditions at the scores of unregulated tracks throughout the country had brought racing into disrepute which led, during the Governorship of Charles Evans Hughes in 1919, to the passage of a law "forbidding" gambling in New York State.

Of all the attempts of reformers to change the habits of mankind by prohibitory legislation, this New York anti-racing law probably takes the prize for effecting an end diametrically opposite to the one in view.

The immediate effect of the Hughes legislation was to frighten

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those who had money invested in racing. When Man o' War won the Belmont, the richness of which is based on the number of nominations, its value to the winner was less than $8,000, as contrasted with the more than $66,000 earned by Gallant Fox in the same stake this year. Yearlings at the annual Saratoga sales in 1920 brought less than a third of the average price they command today.

But the law, like a certain other famous piece of prohibitory legislation, passed into disuse because there was no unified sentiment to support it and much inherent human nature to oppose and nullify its execution. The bookmaker is now king at the big New York tracks, unhampered by State supervision or by discipline from racing leaders, who must preserve the legal fiction that gambling does not exist and who therefore can not accept any responsibility concerning it.

HERE is the supreme irony of the "abolishment" of race track wagering in New York. Throughout the country, pool rooms and gambling dens, estimated variously at from 75,000 to 125,000 in number, thrive and prosper because they can accept bets and pay them off at the well-protected margins of the New York bookmaker. Bets on horses running at *mutuel* tracks are accepted at these places, but the operators are frank to say that the "no gambling" tracks furnish them the odds that keep them in business. The *mutuel* percentage is so moderate, in comparison, that a small pool-room operator can not take the risk of being caught in a *coup*. The margin of profit at the bookie prices is so great that it will sustain an occasional "killing."

J. B. Snodgrass, long a racing authority, estimated, two years ago, that $1,500,000,000 a year was bet on races in New York City alone through the medium of handbooks. He also figured that one in six of New York City's population wagered an average of five dollars a week on horses they did not see run. If this is even half way accurate, the $2,000,000,000 a year is not hard to visualize.

THE first and most imperative of the reforms needed in present-day racing is a frank facing by the men in control of the sport of this gambling situation as it exists. Instead of a sort of gentleman's agreement not to talk about the facts (the odds are published in all the newspapers every day!) this ostrich-like head-hiding should be abandoned. A new policy is needed. Racing men themselves should go courageously to work in New York for the passage of a law establishing the *pari-mutuel* system of wagering in the State. It would be a mortal blow to the pool-room magnates and hand-book kings; it would end the easy credit system of gambling now open to school-boy and bank clerk alike; it would represent a practical solution of an ugly problem instead of the good old hypocritical panacea of pretending the evil does not exist.

The second reform needed is the elimination of the tout. All the exposures concerning blue sky stock offerings and stock market tips from unscrupulous brokers are pale and anæmic beside the audacity of the

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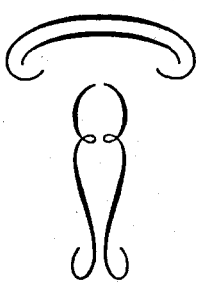
men who sell "information" as to which horses will win races. Racing, for its own good name, should initiate and prosecute every possible means of wiping out these leeches. The Federal Post Office Department would certainly respond to a suggestion from men of the standing of Mr. Widener and his fellow pillars of the Jockey Club. Local police in the various cities could be impelled to sweep the race-track approaches clear of the down-at-heel, shifty-eyed men who are selling what they herald as racing's dishonor.

These two reforms, from the standpoint of the public good and racing's fair name, cry for execution. There is a third worthy of the serious attention of the men who plan America's race meetings. The plea that thoroughbred racing helps to build a sturdy strain of horse for cavalry purposes, and is consequently an aid to the Government, has become almost wholly fiction. Each year our thoroughbreds, bigger and faster, grow also more fragile. Hundreds of the finest horses break down under training. The answer lies in the fact that the great stakes are for two-year-olds and three-year-olds and most of them are at short distances. Speed, speed, is necessarily the goal of the breeder, and stamina has almost been forgotten. A horse that will go a mile is now regarded as a stayer! How it is possible, through this type of breeding and racing, to develop an animal better suited to carry a 175-pound cavalryman in the saddle all day, is a laughable and regrettable mystery.

Thoroughbred racing is on the upswing in popularity and prosperity. Eliminate the bookmaker, eliminate the tout and develop the stamina of the horse, and there will be a more deserving case for consolidation of present gains and for protection against that day when the professional reformer licks his lips over a royal chance to smash a national amusement.



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Uncle Sam's Bellboys

RAY T. TUCKER

Showing how a Congressman's heart beats in tempo with the desires of his constituency

IT WAS "Congressional night" in a Republican clubhouse in an eastern metropolis, and the Honorable Member of Congress for the District had met with his constituents to ascertain what he could do to make easier or happier their pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Actually the meeting had been called to keep him in closer contact with the voters against the Day of Reëlection, and to convince them that Providence had created him for the sole purpose of serving as their social, economic, political and spiritual aid and adviser — all things to all men in the best tradition of practical American politics.

Beneath a bizarre bouquet of partisan banners, Presidential portraits and patriotic colors sat the honorable gentleman himself, or as his announcements had read, "in person." Beside him sat his secretary with open notebook to record the desires and demands of those who had responded to the call. It was already apparent that the evening would be a success. A long queue of men and women shuffled forward to the golden oak table, slowed up as each individual confided his troubles to the Congressman, and continued its snakelike movement up and down the dingy, narrow and stuffy chamber. Was it a Government job, an increased pension, permission to bring in a relative within or without the quota, bulletins on killing rodents, reviving drowning persons, feeding babies, or making dandelion wine? No matter what it might be, the secretary jotted down the notation with a flourish of his brass-bound fountain pen, the M. C. promised to grant it, and the "constit" passed along with a light in his eyes revealing that he had been thrilled by his temporary proximity to the great and good statesman.

ONE there was, however, who faltered at each approach to the democratic throne. All requests that he have no hesitancy in asking for anything, from the Lincoln Memorial to the Capitol Dome, failed to move him. In broken English he murmured that he would wait, and he dropped out of line again and again. Not until late in the evening did he approach the dispensing station, where the M. C. and his amanuensis were congratulating themselves upon the

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outcome of this new experiment in and on a democratic form of government. Wistfully he revealed that his request was of a personal rather than political nature.

"My wife, you see," he began, "is running out with a fellow down the block, and she will not listen to me. Will you tell her that she ought not to do it, that the Government does not allow it? She will, maybe, listen to you — a Congressman. Tell her that I am a better man than this fellow, who is not yet naturalized. She will believe you — a Congressman."

THIS incident, without any exaggeration, furnishes a vivid illustration of the demands which a large and enlarging section of the American people make upon their elected Representatives. Not all members hold "Congressional nights," it is true, but all perform a grotesque variety of jobs not listed in the Constitution or Jefferson's Manual. The normal medium by which a District voices its needs to its Representative or Senator is through visits or letters to Washington, where this sort of popular, chain store service is rapidly assuming the proportions of a fourth branch of the Government dominating the other three. Though it is an entirely extra-constitutional activity, it actually dwarfs the other duties which our national legislators are sworn to perform under their oath of office. In short, our statesmen have been transformed into glorified bellboys, and all that is needed to complete the figure are snappy uniforms, red caps and tips.

None deny it. Though some admit it rather ruefully, and pray that means to relieve them of this popular pressure may be devised, there are many who invite these indignities in stump speeches and letters urging their constituents to "come one, come all." In the South it is the custom in seeking reëlection to boast of the volume of mail received and the numbers of errands run at Washington. Thus many Members welcome their degradation to the rôle of bellboys, and their attitude as well as the accompanying burdens imposed upon our statesmen may serve to explain the degeneration of Congress, concerning which we hear so much in the pulpit, platform and public prints.

I RECENTLY asked a prominent Member of the House what proportion of his time was allotted to this sort of menial labor, and his prompt reply was: "Seventy per cent." The same question brought from one of the most outstanding dignitaries of the Senate the estimate that he was "ninety per cent bellboy and ten per cent Senator," and he was not certain that he had not overestimated on the score of statesmanship. A Senator, of course, must answer the calls of a whole State, whereas a Member of the lower and lazier body is fortunate in that he bellhops for a more restricted area.

Moreover, these duties are becoming more numerous and onerous year by year. It is probable that they first reached perilous proportions during and following the World War period — an era when legislation establishing new and close contacts between the central Government and John J. Citizen was enacted to make the world safe for democracy and drunk-

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ards. There were, for instance, income taxes to be paid and wrangled about, liquor to be withdrawn or transported under federal permit, friends to be named dry agents, Volsteady violators to be protected, immigrants to be brought in despite the drastic 1922 and 1924 laws, an increasing number of pension cases, difficulties over war risk insurance, and an immensity of other problems arising out of the attempt to heal the hurts of war. There were under-age boys to be got out of the Army and Navy after the feverish spirit of militarism which had caused them to leave home. There were ties with the ancient Governments of Europe to be broken on behalf of post-war immigrants, involving in one instance a plea that a Congressman force a Moscow bank to give up a pre-war deposit of Czaristic and depreciated rubles. Indeed, space does not permit a complete catalogue of the new questions confronting the citizen, and, therefore, his Congressman.

EACH year, too, sees the enactment of additional legislation to befog the law-abiding sons of Uncle Sam. Each year Bureaucracy grows more avaricious by that it feeds upon and reaches out a fat and strong arm to drag the citizenry within its grasp. Each year there are new regulations or amendments affecting an infinite variety of activities, until now such a conservative as Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire avows that from the cradle to the tomb, as well as from each dawn to dusk, an American lives in "the region of the regulated instead of the land of the free." It is from this bewildering labyrinth of federal and local laws that, with some justification, the folks back home write for relief to the Pooh Bahs they have sent to Washington.

NOR are these demands confined to humble people who succumb to a sense of awe in dealing with the vast and distant Federal Government. Business men, bankers and manufacturers are among the chief offenders. Though they could easily obtain desired data from the proper bureau or department, they turn to their Congressmen for information concerning the tariff, income tax laws, banking measures, railroad regulations, provisions of the federal power or homestead acts, and the Administration's attitude toward foreign investments. Among these elements the desire to possess supposedly inside or advance news of Government activities amounts to a disease, which explains why one-man lobbies and tipster services at the Capital thrive on the sale of departmental news releases and "handouts."

Moreover, it is the so-called intelligent and inspirational groups which expect their Senators and Representatives to "fix it up" if delays or difficulties arise to embarrass their ventures. In far too many of these letters there is reflected a "fix it up" attitude which indicates at least an unmoral insistence that the honorable gentlemen at Washington break or evade laws when and if necessary. In more recent years, however, a higher sense of ethics seems to prevail, and although they lie outside the realm of rigid Congressional activities, the requests may be deemed legitimate.

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Though the mail received by members varies in proportion to the size of their States and Districts, few Senators get less than fifty letters a day, and the large majority concern chores a constituent expects to be discharged as a matter of course. If a Senator has been in office for many years, and also represents a populous State, his mail averages from 100 to 300 letters a day. It is his task to see that all requests are acted upon, not some time, but immediately. More important still, the receipt of the request must be acknowledged at once, and the constituent informed in polite and parliamentary language that, no matter how outlandish it may be, it will be given "every consideration." In one batch of mail a member may be besieged with demands which necessitate an immediate and personal visit to half the Government departments and numerous foreign embassies. The physical labor involved in cataloguing the petitions, in answering them and in discharging them, is almost incredible.

THESE duties could easily occupy all the waking hours of a legislator, and unless he avails himself of an able secretary and friends at strategic points in each department, they will. Members who take this sort of assignment with sufficient seriousness spend from three to four hours a day at it, and this explains why a visitor to Senate galleries frequently observes a Senator's desk piled high with documents, even though the occupant of the seat never delivers an oration or gives much heed to current debate. When Senator Wesley Jones, of Washington, whose care for his constituents' cries is almost paternal, spends hours bending across his desk in reading and signing letters, it does not mean that he is busy about Uncle Sam's business. It simply signifies that he is striving vigorously but vainly to keep up with the demands of the faithful and the franchised. When Vice-President Curtis, despite much ringing of Capitol bells and pounding of his black gavel, can not obtain a quorum in the early afternoon hours, it is not always explainable on the ground that Senators are being held up in committee or on the "nineteenth hole." They may be struggling over the woes of constituents with members of the Cabinet, the Shipping Board, the War or Navy Departments, the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Board of Taxes and Appeals.

A CERTAIN philosophic Senator who chooses to shroud his bellboyism in secrecy recently described his day in unusually frank manner and detail. Except for the qualification that expert secretaries now perform more of this kind of jobbery, his story of his daily round differs little from those of his colleagues. I imagine it will prove to be an amazing and heroic epic to those Americans who, whether they have written one or a hundred or no begging letters to their Congressmen, think that those harassed gentlemen earn their $10,000-a-year salaries solely by delivering speeches on the floor.

From his breakfast table our Senator may be called to the telephone to learn that an unknown but apparently influential politician from a town in his State has just arrived at

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a downtown hotel, and expects the Senator to make his sojourn in Washington both pleasant and profitable. The "constit" wants to shake hands with the President, wants to know who will be speaking in the Senate at 3.10, and wants to obtain admission cards. He would also like it arranged so that he may inspect the private apartments of the White House, go aboard — in the old days — the Presidential yacht *Mayflower*, and, for full measure, visit the Treasury sub-basement where the bullion and bad liquor are stored. Would the Senator also meet him and his party on Capitol Hill later in the day and introduce them to such celebrities as William Edgar Borah, "Sunny Jim" Watson, "Tawm" Heflin, Thad Caraway, "Pat" Harrison and Hiram Johnson? The Senator agrees to do the best he can, and spends at least an hour in telephoning for the proper credentials so that gates and hearts will be opened wherever the boys from back home care to go.

THE Veterans' Bureau, the State Department, the Treasury Department or the Department of Labor may be the next Senatorial stops — one or all. If it be a Senator from a Western State, he must, in all probability, hie himself to even more distant places, such as the Department of the Interior or the Department of Agriculture, where problems affecting power sites, rival homestead claims, oil permits and the plaints of the farmer must be arbitrated. If he hails from a Central State, and questions pertaining to lake and river shipping constitute most of his troubles, he must betake himself to the Navy Department, the Coast Guard, the Department of Commerce or one of their auxiliary agencies. How prolonged and perspiring the sessions may be depends on the Senator, the Government official and the nature of the case.

AT THE Veterans' Bureau, for instance, the Senator may discover that the claimant for disability or an increased pension has not submitted the proper evidence, and it becomes necessary for the chore boy to obtain the necessary papers, send them to the petitioner and look forward to another visit to the bureau upon their return. He may, however, meet better luck at the Department of Justice when he protests to Colonel Amos W. W. Woodcock, federal dry czar, against a prohibition agent's unlawful invasion of a constituent's home or the improper seizure of a vehicle suspected of transporting liquor. Colonel Woodcock, though a dyspeptic-looking man, may have enjoyed a hearty breakfast, and, as the Senator does not fail to recall, did not the Colonel take office with the pledge that the Bill of Rights would be respected even by the "noble experimenters"? But at the State Department, where official tape is of a color that does not run or fade even in reaction to Senatorial chemistry, he may not be able to obtain the admission of a niece of an Irish political boss as a non-quota immigrant. Again, he may fail in his effort to convince hard-boiled Under-Secretary of State "Joe" Cotton that three college graduates belonging to the best families of a rock-ribbed Republican

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State should be given appointments in the consular service.

These tasks are the most important of those imposed upon our statesmen day upon day and year upon year. They demand too much tact or effrontery for delegation to a secretary, unless a legislator is blessed with such an *alter ego* as those who serve Senator Moses, Senator Borah or Representative John L. Taber of New York, to mention a few eminent servitors. Meanwhile, the Senator's secretarial staff spends almost all its time on other petty, political "contracts," as they are dubbed in Congressional circles. The regional office at home may have rejected a veteran's application for disability or an old pensioner's request for larger payments, and the only recourse is for the Senator or his representative to appear before the Board of Appeals in person — an enterprise which may require from one to three hours.

PREVIOUS to this appearance, however, the M. C. must have forwarded the proper papers to the applicant, instructed his constituent concerning the evidence to be submitted, suggested where it could be obtained, and outlined the prescribed procedure for marshalling it most effectively. Though some Members dismiss such problems by referring the old soldier to a lawyer — preferably a friend — to the credit of most Congressmen it should be said that they frequently perform the service of legal expert free of charge. In any event, no matter how simple the case may seem, it consumes an incredible amount of time, thought and physical effort.

Perhaps the demands which cast clearest light on the psychology — or psychoses — of the "gimme" constituents are those for passports and visas. Although the procedure for procuring these documents is simple and well defined, involving only an intelligent letter directed to the State Department and a visit to the consular offices at the port of sailing, thousands of constituents insist that their Congressmen shall relieve them of this labor. They constitute, with pension, veterans' and immigration cases, the principal portion of the extra-constitutional, cash-and-carry work for which neither the Government nor the Congressman collects a red penny. This lone errand, by the watch, requires almost a full morning's peripatetic service, since it involves a long wait at the passport office in most instances and a swing around the embassies and legations of the countries which the journeyer plans to visit. Inasmuch as the offices of the nations listed on the grand tour stand miles apart along streets which have been described as "magnificent distances," and visas are issued only on specified days, it may be realized what a tremendous trek is entailed.

THEN there are the requests which may be characterized as "freakish." Senators and Representatives from such nearby States as Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia are besieged by people who think that they should be permitted to serve the Government as local firemen, policemen, railroad detectives and inspectors. In most instances legislators from these communities enjoy considerable influence at home, so that patronage demands of this sort

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are not so presumptuous as they seem. They do, however, reflect the widespread feeling that the Government owes each citizen a livelihood, as the dear old lady in dusty bombazine from a Southern State informed her Senator in no uncertain or ladylike terms. She was, she explained, "a member of one of the finest families of the Old South," and since her ancestors came to this country before the Civil Service laws, such peccadillos should not be permitted to prevent her from being placed on Uncle Sam's payroll.

More fantastic are the petitions that the honorable gentlemen at Washington intervene to save a friend or relative from going to the hoosegow, to settle disputes with employers and kinfolk, to obtain credit for the constituents at the grocery or drug store. And hardly a day rolls around that some itinerant from the home District or State does not call upon his Congressman for the temporary loan of sufficient money to pay the wanderer's fare back to the family fireplace. Strangely enough, these birds of passage are the most insistent and indignant of all, and, if sent away empty-handed, they convey by their injured looks the impression that they and their tribesmen mean henceforth to dedicate themselves to the holy mission of driving the skinflinty statesman from public life.

THERE is, of course, a definite advantage for the constituent in laying his troubles before a Member of Congress instead of an impersonal and indifferent department of the Government. Each office on Capitol Hill serves as a break-up station for a tremendous volume of mail, and the comparatively few letters which each legislator receives command a personal interest that can not be shown toward the much larger batch of communications which flood the downtown departments. Moreover, federal bureaucrats are notoriously slow in handling correspondence or in passing judgment on the questions which constitute their governmental grist. It may take months for a letter to pass from office to office before it reaches the desk of the proper official, and many more months before a decision is rendered.

BUT these same doubting, dilatory and buck-passing office-holders become veritable Mercuries when a Member of Congress speaks or asks a favor, and even though action may not always be favorable, it will at least be prompt. Members of Congress control appropriations and promotion lists, and these are matters of moment to those who slave in a department, whether it be a Cabinet Member or a new clerk. It is not, therefore, unfair to place some responsibility for these politically perverted activities upon the Central Government itself.

Nevertheless, it is only natural to ask why Members of Congress tolerate and truckle to these importunities. The answer is that our public men are not wholly blameless; there breathes hardly a politician with tongue so dead that he has not at some time pictured himself as "the servant of the people." Indeed, they themselves are men of letters. Form letters for use on all emotional occasions constitute many a Member's only stock in stationery. Metic-

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ulously they peruse local newspapers to insure that no participant in a "blessed event," no newlywed, no new graduate, no lately promoted clerk, no bereaved parent, may have cause for feeling that their Congressman's heart does not beat in *tempo* with theirs, that their Congressman does not rejoice when they are glad and grieve when they are sad. It is a maxim of political warfare that a Napoleonic statesman must maintain contact with his source of inspiration — and votes — and none neglect this strategic consideration.

Thus the discharge of these extracurricular duties is not quite a labor of love. It is as certain as Election Day that every person benefited in this manner will be listed in a card catalogue and that, on the approach of the first Tuesday after the first Monday in some November, he will be reminded that the M. C., if returned to office, would be glad to serve again as unselfishly as he has in the past. Moreover, though a Senator or a Representative ranks rather low in the social and intellectual scale at the Capital, he is, it would appear, a great man 200 miles from Pennsylvania Avenue, and his letters and services soon become the small beer of the countryside. "Satisfied" customers, as is seeming, tell their friends, and they, in turn, ring for one of Uncle Sam's bellboys when the need arises.

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Pernicious Prosperity

By Donald F. Rose

A Pair of Striped Flannel Trousers Induces a Train of Pertinent Thought

When Wall Street was so thoroughly mired in the slough of despond last autumn, there were many to say that its recovery to dry land would be equally sensational though much more enjoyable. They were largely those who had previously pointed out that under the benevolent rule of Republicanism and the Federal Reserve the stock market had been made a one-way street, leading onward and upward but never down and out. They were just as right the second time as they were the first.

For the market mood of last November lasted long beyond the ordinary limits of a hang-over. There was no perceptible resilience in its recovery, but rather the painful reluctance of an unwilling repentance. It responded hardly at all to emergency measures. It was psychoanalyzed by experts, and still felt sick. It was cheered and exhorted, and stayed gloomy. It was vaccinated heavily with stimulants, including cheap money and a tariff act, and responded hardly at all and usually in the wrong direction. For the market was very unwell, and could not be convinced otherwise.

And so the pillars and pinnacles of prosperity were not only pulled down about our ears, but they stayed that way, granting us all an opportunity to think of our sins and — incidentally — of our mercies. After six months or so of a noble experiment in whistling to keep up our courage, we were even willing to admit that times were bad and that this could not reasonably be blamed on the Democrats. Somewhat later we were ready to confess that it could not even be blamed on the stock market, for if the stock market were indeed the devil amongst us, then it was a devil which did not know how to take care of itself and its own, and should not be regarded too seriously.

By the slow alchemy of common sense among the passions and prejudices of Americanism, it was discovered at last that prosperity is not the inalienable right of any generation and that what goes up may just as well come down when the mood takes it. The economists and statisticians had other explanations for the phenomenon of deflation, but they were somewhat less convincing than the simple statement that the nation's luck had turned. Possibly

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it had not altogether turned; possibly it was just resting from the big post-war push toward the day when nobody will work more than four days a week and will have at least six days a week to spend the proceeds. But eventually there were few to doubt that the tide was at least temporarily on the way out, despite the protests of presidents, bankers, financiers, economists and assorted experts, who stood on the shore like a regiment of inverted Canutes and said the thing was impossible. And eventually the average citizen quit listening to them and went to work.

THESE are mildly philosophic reflections which come rather readily to one who has never known the slings and arrows of a falling market or pledged a nickel's worth of margin as hostage to fickle fortune. But it is to be remembered that philosophy is the poor man's luxury and the only one which no one envies him. Moreover, he needed not a little of it to contemplate without unworthy emotion the spectacle of his neighbors' noisome prosperity while they had it. Now that they have mislaid it, they must bear with him as once he bore with them. And in these doubtful days it is still the poor man's prerogative to be philosophical about prosperity, even though his views bring no comfort to those who are still stiff and sore from the catastrophe of last November.

After a series of such philosophical studies extending all the way from the 7:51 morning train to *The Congressional Record* I have come to the comforting discovery that a surprising number of my neighbors are still eating three meals a day, in spite of all that has happened. Most of them still get butter with their bread and many admit a little jam. Some who confess that they suffered severely when Wall Street broke all its suspenders at once have not perceptibly pulled in their belts to compensate for shortened rations. As one who once waited a full day for something to eat in a country not so much afflicted with prosperity as this one, I confess that this single circumstance takes some of the sting from our national adversities for at least one spectator. I mourn with my impoverished neighbors but I can not suffer with them. Their own suffering is not yet sufficiently convincing.

SO I look around elsewhere, and discover what hard times mean to those who once sat so prettily on society's upper crust. One of them, I find, is feeling the pinch of poverty so seriously that he will be content with last year's car for three months or more beyond his normal habit. Another has given up going to Europe and will retire simply and quietly with all his family to the rocky coast of Maine for a pauper's vacation. In the same spirit of sacrifice and retrenchment he will take only seven servants and a mere handful of chauffeurs. Others are practising still more violent economies, sometimes by extending their expectation of credit from sixty to ninety days or by reducing their church contributions.

The captains of industry, of course, are squealing here and there like pigs under a gate. Apparently they are appalled by the prospect of having so little to engage their serious attention and abilities that they

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will be compelled to extend their golf allowance to three days instead of a trifling two per week. As one who sees no sense whatever in batting a piffling pill around a lumpy landscape, I sympathize earnestly with their misfortune. Too much golf is a heavy price to pay for financial experience.

But in the midst of my commiseration I seem to recall that these same business men aforetime worked hard and long with no obvious purpose except that some day they might have time and leisure and money enough to play all the golf they wanted. Leisure, rather than luxury, was their heart's desire, so that they might enjoy at last the rest and recreation presumably earned by their industry and ingenuity. In the slower *tempo* of slack times they have their opportunity, if not their reward. They can play golf till the cows come home, or until the bulls take possession again of Wall Street.

THERE are only two considerable classes left to bear the brunt of bad times. One consists of those professional people who are always chasing the wolf from the door and are used to it. The others are those who do most of the world's real work, and a good many of them are out of a job.

If you have tears to shed and can spare them from the impoverished financiers, the bankrupt bankers and the unhappy business men, this is the place to use them. It is bad to drive last year's car and to get along without the third assistant butler, but it is worse to be out of work. It is tragic to be reduced to a mere month's vacation or to be driven to golf for lack of better things to do, but it is terrible to know that nobody needs the work of your head or hands. This is the true occasion for sympathy, though sympathy is not what these sufferers need. They can not eat sympathy and they are likely not to care for charity. They want a job.

SOME day we may possibly stop talking economic nonsense and political poppycock and recognize the stark simplicity of the problem of hard times. We shall see that men shall have work to do when they want it and need it. We shall despise the hypocrisy of those who preach business optimism and meanwhile cut their payrolls. We shall admit that we are wrong and that France is right in caring less for efficiency and more for humanity. Prosperity in France does not mean that every worker must have a piano which he can't play and a radio which isn't paid for; it means that every man has a job, even though it is but a little one. Germany is sick with unemployment and so is England, and we don't feel very hearty ourselves. But in France there is some work for all — not a great deal, but enough to save a nation's self-respect.

It would be very comical indeed if it were ever discovered that prosperity depends not upon more work for some of us but less work for all of us, and not on increasing wealth but on increasing contentment with the wealth we have. Yet no better explanation has been made of the fact that we all woke up one sour morning to wonder where prosperity had gone overnight. It was a most mysterious disappearance, something like

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the vanishing of a rabbit or a family of goldfish in a magician's high silk hat. It wasn't gone out of the country, for nobody can leave this country without a passport, various visas, a birth certificate and a fistful of traveller's checks. By careful count it was soon determined that there were just as many nickels in the country as usual, but nobody had any to spend or spare. Nor had our prosperity been stolen or borrowed by the neighbors, or else some of them would have showed more palpable signs of possessing it. It had just vanished like a baby's balloon or a candle flame or a state of mind — which is possibly what it was. Very likely it will come back again in the same mysterious manner that it went.

We can not properly bewail the missing link between work and wealth, for there is no *corpus delicti* around which to conduct the wake. We can not reasonably blame anybody for hard times, for nobody would cut off his own nose to spite his face. We should not even blame Mr. Hoover, unless we are such deep-dyed Democrats that we can do no other. We can only sit and think and work and wait, wondering meanwhile why we take so much trouble looking for something which we didn't know we had until we lost it.

Now it happens, very much as usual, that these profound observations are supported by nearly nothing in the way of actual experience. If I can speak at all dispassionately of prosperity, it is because I never made its too intimate acquaintance. By the same token, I never fell off the band wagon and landed heavily on my *medulla oblongata*. In other words, I never flew a kite on a shoe string in the stock market, nor mourned a rich relative, nor exchanged a comfortable conscience for forty per cent and a bonus on the year's business. The weekly or monthly pay check has always — or nearly always — been my only visible means of support, which is no way to grow rich and prosperous.

But by the slow increase of salary and the natural course of events I have, within the recent memory of man, escaped from the thickets of honest poverty into the pleasant pastures where prosperity goes about seeking whom it may devour. I have discovered what it means to have a dollar in my pocket which nobody can immediately take away from me. I have, in fact, reached the precarious point where I have slightly more than my share of this world's goods, if the statisticians and economists know what they are talking about. I have tasted prosperity, though I am by no means used to it.

I have discovered already that a little prosperity is a dangerous thing. Take, for example, the mere matter of my striped flannel trousers. I lived more or less happily and successfully for thirty-nine years and eleven months without a pair of striped flannel trousers. At any time within a third of a century I could have said honestly and with conviction that I did not need a pair of striped flannel trousers, and that the world around me was neither better nor worse for lack of them.

But at the very threshold of prosperity there loomed a pair of striped flannel trousers and immediately se-

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duced me. I bought them, wore them, spotted and wrinkled them, and began to pay for cleaning and pressing them. I shall continue to do so all summer, and after that shall buy moth balls for their long winter sleep. I wear them now and then, and am afflicted all the time with anxiety for their chaste loveliness. I spend my moments of recreation in living down to my trousers; I am become a slave to my pants, and prosperity is to blame.

These striped flannel trousers are only a symbol of a score of similar afflictions. A year or so ago I had no idea that life could be made so complicated by an extra ten dollars a week.

But these are the least of the penalties of prosperity. A more serious matter is that my credit is now considered good in department stores and other dens of iniquitous opportunity. I no longer need money in order to spend it, and the day of reckoning is always some weeks away. This also is prosperity, and it keeps me constantly in debt where once I paid my way.

Under the same unyielding necessity of increasing income I find myself carrying three times as much insurance as was once enough, owning a bigger and better mortgage, and saving more desperately than in the darkest days of poverty. I have to worry about banks and building associations, where once the high cost of living was the beginning and end of the family problem. I am trailed and entreated by charities, churches and subscription campaigns; I must buy tickets to benefits which I won't attend and join clubs which demand my time as well as my money. And whenever a tradesman, contractor or other local business man is particularly hard up, he thinks of me among the first to make a collection.

These are only the first payments on the price of prosperity. There are immense possibilities of prosperous enjoyment awaiting me in hospitals, barber shops, garages and vacation resorts, which were once safely beyond my modest means. And beyond these lies the stock market, waiting in wolfish patience until I have more money than sense and will gamble one on the other.

I think this is prosperity, as preached and practised by the present generation. It is a process of pyramiding possessions and responsibilities until their owner staggers beneath the load into a grateful grave. It is a matter of deliberately biting off more than a man can chew. And very likely in the sight of high heaven it is an asinine performance.

It seems to bear within it the seeds of its own dissolution. It seems to lead at last to an individual and national weariness of bills, installments, subscriptions, mortgages, margins and charge accounts. There comes the time when one more vacuum salesman is the last straw, and one more superfluous possession is ten too many. There comes, in fact, the day when the perpetual boosting of business topples it over. And when that happens, all the king's horses and all the king's men and Henry Ford and Roger Babson and the Federal Reserve and the Smoot-Hawley tariff and the Farm Board and the Interstate Commerce

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Commission can not put Humpty-Dumpty together again as though nothing had happened.

This is not pessimism; it is simply disillusionment induced primarily by a pair of striped flannel trousers. Those trousers are a product of prosperity and they have proved unworthy of their price. So, I suspect, are most of the prizes and privileges of prosperity. In the mood of the moment, prosperity seems very much like success, which — says Henry Ward Beecher — "is full of promise 'til men get it; then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown."

IT SEEMS rather strange that while so many are bewailing our prosperity or running in circles looking for it, there has been practically nobody to consider what good we gained from it while it was here. I do not refer, of course, to physical possessions, some of which I myself enjoy whenever they grant me peace and time to do so. I do not refer to the extraordinarily useful telephone on which I may talk to so many uninteresting people, nor to the electric refrigerator with which I invite the neighbors' envy, nor to the accursed car which takes me so readily wherever I don't want to go and needs as much expensive care and feeding as a baby elephant. I am surrounded, indeed, by incredible conveniences, and prosperity paid for them. But what of happiness and peace of mind and goodwill among men, and other riches which life should yield to those who work hard and are called successful?

Well, I have looked in the pockets of my striped flannel trousers and they aren't there. Sometimes they seem particularly to avoid me when I am wearing my striped flannel trousers. And though it may be heresy and treason to say so, I begin to suspect that they have nothing at all to do with striped flannel trousers or with prosperity either.

I SUSPECT, in fact, that prosperity is too often paid for in fear and worry and discontent, as well as in work and thrift and shrewd bargaining. Sometimes a picture seems to say so from the front pages of our newspapers, where some crowd of prosperous Americans is shown in the agonies of entertainment. Our American crowds belie America's reputation as a land of inspiring opportunity and enjoyable prosperity. They seem to suffer as they have a good time; they are sour and sullen and suspicious and it is written in their faces. I do not necessarily include the average concert audience, which wears the pained expression of an æsthetic stomach ache because it has left its sense of humor at home. But at all our public feasts and festivals there is little joy in the faces of the beholders, and less kindliness and contentment. And yet we are and have long been the most prosperous people in the world, and should surely be happy and even jovial in our striped flannel trousers.

The price of prosperity deserves some consideration as we scramble around to recover it. No doubt we shall succeed in doing so, for an ironic fate often chooses to chasten us by giving us what we want. We shall certainly earn it and possibly deserve it. But nothing in past or present experience guarantees that we shall enjoy it.

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Reynard Runs

By Rose Wilder Lane

A Fox Hunt is still a Fox Hunt in the Ozarks

The moonlit nights of the ripening year are nights made for hunting the Ozark foxes. In April and May the woods are newly burned over, and the best of hounds will lose the scent when his nose is stung by the fine ashes. In June the sudden thunder-shower may roll up its cumulus clouds, obscuring the moon and drenching the hills in a downpour which sets the creeks to roaring. July is haying time, and men are weary when cool darkness comes to the shimmering fields. But the clear, still nights of the August moon are the hunter's joy.

It was a brave sight, thirty years ago, to see them setting out at twilight — twenty to sixty men in the saddles, hunting horns blowing, a sea of eager dogs flowing and billowing at the horses' heels. But the Ozarks do not lag in the march of progress. Now we go hunting in our cars.

Never mind. Our spirit is not altered. A fox hunt is still a fox hunt. Ardently as ever we look forward to it, proudly as ever we cherish the good "bawlin' hound," and our pleasure is still the same in slopes and hollows echoing to the belling dogs.

"When it's pleasure I'm a-seekin'," says Herb, the blacksmith, "Give me a fair moonlight night like this yere one, an' leave me set on a hill-top a-hearin' a race."

Our cars stand in the tree-lined streets of the village, between bungalows alight with silk-shaded electricity and loud with radios. Small boys on their way to the talkies stop and beg to accompany the hunt. The banker's daughter has postponed the bridge-club meeting, and comes bearing many thermos bottles of coffee. Packages of sandwiches and cakes are stowed away.

The baggage-carriers of our coupés stand open, and eagerly whining hounds clamber upon the rear bumpers. It is astonishing how many hounds, carefully packed, can be compressed into that space beneath and behind the seat. Liver-colored, brown and spotted, they lie close upon one another, their noses pressed toward the crack that will be left for air when the baggage-compartment's top is shut down upon an inserted stick.

Seven go into Herb's car; nine, counting two pups on their maiden run, will press like sardines into

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another. One of the hunters has a trailer, made to order for carrying hounds to a hunt, and a score of tails wave in it.

The men discuss once more the best place for this hunt. Some say Bryant, others favor Flat Rock, or Prairie Hollow, or the Ten Forties. The Ten Forties, cut over by a lumber company many years ago, now spread their four hundred acres of second-growth timber without a house or fence. Foxes abound there. Only last night hunters started an eight-hours' race at the Ten Forties.

"No, we'll do nary huntin' thar this night," says Herb. "Leave them foxes get their rest."

The women call, "*Do* make up your minds! Let's get *started*."

All at once a car starts, and then rapidly all are going in procession, smoothly down the street, turning at the drug-store to pass the village square, then bumping over railroad tracks and soon leaving the last small house behind. Wheels hum along the curving, wide highway, headlights flash across fields and dart far between trunks of trees on wooded hillsides.

In some cars the men ride, in others the women. This happens naturally, without thought. Here in the Ozarks women seek the companionship of women and men stay with men, as simply as savages or Moslems. It was always so in the old-time frolics and picnics and singings, and it is still an unquestioned custom. We follow it as though it were a law of nature. Perhaps it is.

After we leave the highway, the road is little more than two wheel-tracks straddling stumps and boulders. The wild forest closes it in and boughs overhang it. Hazel and sassafras bank either side, wild blackberry bushes thrust out their thorny branches, and the poke-berries drip their luscious and deadly fruit. In the headlights' glare the dusty goldenrod seems as pale as the closing blossoms of wild carrot, but already the sumac shows here and there a leaf as red as blood.

The road plunges down slopes where brakes squeal and levels to fords where the running water curves like wings beneath the fenders. In low gear the cars struggle up rocky hillsides where the air brings the scent of pines.

Someone will start an Ozark song — still ours, though Broadway has borrowed it. All along the line of cars we will sing.

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more . . .

Or,

It makes no difference if he is a houn',
You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

It would indeed go hard with anyone who assaulted one of those hounds packed beneath the car seats, or one of those slim, eager creatures in the trailer. Can there be persons to whom a hound is only a hound? To us he is pride and joy; he is fleetness and music and poetry; he has renown, and bestows it. We talk of hounds as brokers discuss future movements in stocks. We send far afield and spend great sums of money for a fine hound. And if we trade but the puniest one of a litter, we do this with all the deliberation, finesse and mendacity with which David Harum traded horses.

The cars stop at the chosen place,

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beneath the bald top of a hill so steep that engines can not climb it. The baggage carriers are opened, and hounds boil up and out. Engulfed in surging dogs, men seize and chain them. There are exclamations, shouts, above the frantic whines.

Someone says, "Who'd you leave go, Loney?"

"Gran'maw," Loney says.

We all clamber up the hill, flints clattering beneath slipping feet. We carry rugs, blankets, the packets of food. The massed dogs move beside the men who hold their chains.

"I was a-aimin' to send out Pickle," Loney adds. "But Gran'maw, she was too swift for me."

"She's a right good starter dawg," someone says. "She'll jump us a fox if ary dawg can."

Another remarks, "Thar's them that admire to hear Pickle. But as for me, I never taken to sour notes. I'd liefer hear a good, deep, mellow tone, like Gran'maw's." He adds tactfully, "Yet for a sour-toned dawg, thar's few can best Pickle, an' him in full tongue."

THE top of the hill, treeless and covered with flints, is white as snow in the moonlight. The deep shadow of the woods rings its slopes. A vague sound of rustling leaves and of running water comes up from miles upon miles of hill and valley, and far away the immense sky meets the pale line of the horizon, that level line which is like that of the sea.

It is only in the Ozarks that a land so broken by abrupt hills and sharp declivities, by cliffs and streams and peaks, draws always against the sky that level line. This is deceit; there is no levelness. Journey fifty miles, and from a peak on that horizon look back at this peak, and you will not see it; you will see pale blue distance as level as the sea's skyline.

We build a fire, spread rugs around it. The men take a few top-rails from a fence, and with them build comfortable seats. Cigarettes are rolled and lighted. And every instant, with keen anticipation, we are listening to the silence behind our talk, that silence of miles of moonlit hills, from which presently will ring Gran'maw's call.

ONE night, in this pause before the starter dog gives tongue, Herb told us that he reckoned we had no idea how foxes are hunted in England. "I'd shorely never've credited it myself, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," he said.

Lean and brown, with a drawl in all his movements, Herb is the typical Ozarkian whom strangers regard patronizingly as the ignorant, primitive hill-billy. Herb does not mind. His attitude toward these outlanders who do not know the Ozarks is as amused and kindly as that of King George toward the American who cordially shook his hand and said, "Pleased to meet you, King."

Sitting in the firelight, we all turned our eyes to him, and Beau quieted the pups.

"Them English," Herb said, striking a match with his thumb-nail and lighting a cigarette, "They set out on horses, maybe thirty-fifty of 'em, an' fifty-sixty dawgs, all a-layin' out to run down one pore, leetle fox. An' you wouldn't credit it, but they'll run him ontel they run him down, an' then—*they'll leave them thar dawgs set on him, an' tear him plumb to pieces.*"

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A boy exclaimed, "They never!"

"They shorely do so, son. 'Pears like 'tis their object, to wear that thar fox down, an' wear him out, an' exhaust him, an' then leave that thar multitude of dawgs set on him, him with nary chanct in this yere world. all's left of him when they get done, is mangled remnants. Sport, they call it.

"What's more, they *raise* them foxes. They raise them up from pups, or so I was told. I never seen it myself, but I was told so. An Englishman told me so. 'Well,' I says to him, 'all I say is, ary livin' creature that I'd raised up in the house a pet, I'd never do thataway to. Never in this world,' I says to him.

"But the English, it appears they enjoy a-doin' thataway. Some lady, she'll come a-ridin' back all wreathed in smiles, a-totin' that thar pore fox's bloody tail. An' they all a-congratulatin' her on it, like she's done something to be set up about. Well, when I seen it, 'Maybe that's sport,' I says, 'in England,' I says. 'But when I'm a-honin' for sport, give me a fair moonlight night in the Ozark hills, an' leave me set a-hearin' a race. An' don't leave the dawgs catch up with nary fox, neither. That's my idea of sport,' I says, 'is to *run* the fox.'"

We are not too quick to speak, in these hills. We turn things over in our minds, and contemplate them. But at length, out of this contemplation, someone spoke. "What-for do the English do thataway?"

"I make no sense to it," Herb replied. "If they enjoy to run the fox, like they say, what do they kill him for? If they want to kill him, why not shoot him? Well, I asked that thar question, an' them English looked like I was a-favorin' baby-murder. It appears 'tis nigh as much as a man's life is worth, to shoot a fox in England. Thar's laws ag'in it.

"Well, them English, they're a mighty curious nation."

Thus idly our talk ranges, from the strange ways of the English to the roads of California and the rains of Panama, while we wait. Then suddenly — word broken in the middle — we listen. And in an instant, on our feet, breathless, motionless, we hear again the clear and echoing call.

We scatter on the barren hill-top, each alone, far from the others, for even the rustle of a near-by garment, the drawing of a breath, may blur the fine intensity of our listening. And now the keen pleasure, like none other, begins for us.

Not a movement is to be seen in the forests spread beneath us. Fold beyond fold the wooded hills spread to the far level line where they meet the sky. The nearer hollows lie in darkness, from which lesser hill-tops rise into the moonlight. There are ceaseless murmurs of leaves and the ceaseless small liquid sounds of many streams. And all this is like a page on which is being written, in music, the almost unbearably exciting story of the fortunes of the chase.

We see nothing, yet we see everything. Senses intermingle, and we see with our ears. Every note of those chiming throats is a picture.

"Dad gum it!" Beau shouted. "'Tis Smilin' Jim Hensley's Brown Dick!"

We are Ozark fox-hunters; there's not a racing hound in five counties

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who can give tongue without our knowing who he is, what he is doing, how he feels. We "know their mouths."

Ours was not the only hunt abroad that night. Smilin' Jim's Brown Dick was coursing the woods, too, and he had jumped a fox. His deep and mellow note echoes faintly from the cliffs by Bryant Mill. Brown Dick's struck a hot trail!

FAR away, suddenly clamoring, a score of throats bay. That's Smilin' Jim's pack — and as it circles the hill and sweeps down the hollow, sketching its course by chiming notes, we recognize every dog.

Brown Dick in the lead, Susan and Silver Bell running almost neck and neck, the pack behind them. There they are, sweeping across the cornfield, over the meadow, toward the ravine. That's Sweetheart, loosed last and running far behind, but fleetly. An unknown pup hangs on her flank. That's Silver Bell now, far ahead of all but Brown Dick. Sweetheart gaining, passing the pack, slowly, surely pulling ahead of it. Who's that pup? Sweetheart gaining, neck and neck with Susan now. But what's the fox doing? Head him, Brown Dick! Head him, before he tricks you into that ravine! What's become of the rascal? Where is he?

"Where is he?" Brown Dick's bay echoes. Silver Bell is silent. Sweetheart is silent. The tumultuous pack comes on, full-tongued, and sweeps into confusion and babble. The pups still yelp, incoherent with excitement. Susan bays once, circling. The fox is lost.

We breathe again. Sitting where we are, each lonely on the moon-white hill, we speak. Low voices drawl, louder than the choked whines of our own dogs.

"Gray fox, I reckon." Gray foxes don't enjoy the chase as red foxes do; they go to earth. Bored, perhaps, or perhaps not trusting their own speed and wit. The reason is a mystery of the gray fox's personality; we only know he will not run.

"Herb, was that thar his young spotted pup, Smilin' Jim's a-runnin' tonight?"

"Shore is, an' a right likely pup, too. Favors old Dewey, his grandsire's sire. I never hope to hear a sweeter mouth. As for speed, you heared him yonder, a-streakin' it next behind Sweetheart."

"I reckoned 'twas him. Thar's the tone of old Dewey in his mouth."

Respect was in our voices, respect for the pup and for Smilin' Jim, and a little envy, too.

THERE was a yelping cry beyond the ravine, then a cascade of them. For an instant we sat dumb, appalled. Herb leapt up, shouting, "He's jumped a mule!" and laughter shook us. Lads rolled on the flints, holding their sides. Every yelp redoubled our mirth, till we gasped and wiped our eyes. Far over the hills we heard Smilin' Jim's furious shout, and crashing brushwood marked his speed toward his darling pup. Unheeding, hysterical with excitement, that joyful misguided youngster continued to pursue a rabbit.

"I reckon Smilin' Jim, he's not a-prizin' that pup as much as he was, two minutes gone."

Herb says, "Ah, he's but a young pup. Jim'll l'arn him."

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The pup's yell announced that he was learning. Then silence.

The moon rises slowly higher. Cigarette smoke mingles with the scent of the pines. Quietness flows over us.

Out of the silence presently comes one low, distant call. Gran'maw. Yonder, on t' other side of Hickory Knob, she's struck a cold trail. Five miles away. She speaks again, and is silent. That's Gran'maw's character. From a pup, she never wasted breath. She has told us that she's following a cold trail and coming toward us. Now, swift and absorbed, she is running.

Anguished whines tear from the throats of our leashed dogs, but we hold them. We try to quiet them, and their eyes implore us to understand that they would be silent if they could. If they were still, we might see the fox. There are no moments like those in which, not breathing, we watch the canny fox pausing in moonlight, listening, then tricking the dogs.

A fox grown tired of the chase will often retrace his own trail some distance, then leap to a high boulder and lie down there, watching to see the pack sweep past him and go mad at the trail's end.

Only a very hard-pressed fox will take to a stream to cover his trail, but wily use of fences and boulders and herds of cattle or sheep are part of the game. Often, too, several foxes will spell each other. Four foxes were seen at different points during the famous Cedar Gap chase which lasted eighteen hours. Each in turn leapt from his resting place to lead the hounds on, while the weary one lay down in safety and smiled at the hunt rushing by.

Once more Gran'maw gives tongue. She's struck the hot trail! Two miles away, and the fox coming down Beaver Hollow by Smack-Out. Slip the leashes!

All the eager dogs are gone, swifter than swallows, and the clear air resounds to the carillon from their throats. Down the hill they go, and our hearts pound in our chests, our nerves quiver to that music. Black Dick leads, baritone chiming two notes at every cry, and fast behind him Pickle's banshee wail follows. Lady Lou's voice is a clear bell, and the pack is a fleeing orchestra. There's no music like it.

We were perfectly still. The clanging clamor grew every instant louder. Suddenly, noiselessly, the fox was there. His shadow loped beside him up the white slope. His fur was rusty-red, and for an instant the moonlight became emeralds in his eyes. He was there — an outstretched hand would almost touch him — there's one little click of flints as he passes. He was gone. So still, so like a wraith, a thing imagined. So wild, so beautiful.

Like a storm, a hurricane, a rush of madness, the pack was upon us. Straight over Loney the torrent of hounds went, rolling him on the flints. Ears were stunned by the uproar. The heat, the fury of that passionate chase engulfed us for an instant. Then it, too, was gone.

We were left breathless on the hill-top, listening again, again absorbed in the unseen hunt.

"Whatever are they a-circlin' thataway for?" Beau wondered.

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North and east and south and west, all night the pack had followed a wide circle around our hill.

"Whar's Herb at?" Loney asked. Lady Lou is Herb's dog, and when she is in the lead we should ask him before blowing the horn to call the dogs in.

HERB had gone down into the woods an hour ago. Now his low hail came up to us. "You-all come along down yere, quiet like."

From where he stood, we could see below us a little stretch of moonlit clearing, dotted with the shadows of stumps. Across it the dogs were going, Lady Lou's dipping flight soaring over the ground, her clear tone silvery against the booming gong of Brown Dick, hard behind her.

"He'll best her yet, Herb," said Smilin' Jim, who had come to join us.

"You-all watch out, now," Herb told us.

The racing hounds passed swiftly, by twos and threes, then the straining mass of the pack, and the desperately striving slower ones. Last came the pups, weary, but doggedly not giving up. For a moment the moonlit space was empty. Someone began, "Well, wha — " Herb's gesture silenced him.

Into the moonlight the fox came, running easily. He paused, and his sharp nose upturned to the sky seemed to sniff the coming dawn. For an instant he had an air of carefree leisure. He yawned widely. Then, once more serious and intent, he ran. His body appeared to lengthen as he gathered speed, and he departed fleetly on the heels of the dogs.

A roar of laughter came from Smilin' Jim. Slapping his thigh, he shouted, "That thar's a cute one! A-runnin' 'em plumb exhausted, an' he at their heels the whole endurin' time! That thar's a *fox!*"

"I was a-marvelin' that they kept a-circlin' thataway," Beau said, rubbing his ear. "Thar's a fox, shorely, will give us many a night of rare sport."

"He shorely will do so," we agreed; and Herb said, "'Tis a new fox, to me. 'Pears like he may be a newcomer in these yere parts. Don't leave us say ary word about him, or the boys'll be a-runnin' him ragged. They're a-wearin' out Old Tricky, at Bryant. Last time I taken the dogs down thataway, he wouldn't be fetched out."

OLD TRICKY is the well-known fox that so likes a hunt that it is not necessary to send a starter dog after him. Blow your automobile horns, and he will come out and bark until the pack is loosed.

Loney unslung his horn, and Herb nodded. When the mellow boom of the buffalo horn goes over the hills, the hunt is ended. Treasured from the days of the buffalo herds, sandpapered lovingly to tissue-paper thinness, sent to New York to be fitted with silver mouth-piece, Loney's great horn sends out a note that can be heard for many miles.

Awaiting the hounds, we sit by the fire and rifle picnic boxes. We argue the merits of the dogs, we tell tales of hunts long past and clever foxes that run no more, and we plan future hunts. For there will be fox-hunts in the Ozarks as long as the moon shines and hounds bay and men love beauty and excitement.

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The Swing of Styles

By Charlotte Dean

Celebrating a Year's Anniversary of the Long Skirt

A year ago this September a young woman shut up shop and took her losses. It was a dress shop, nothing over twenty-five dollars, in as likely a spot on Broadway as you would find. Everything seemed propitious when she opened the shop two months before. Her capital was ample to carry her for a year with no profit. She had prepared for her venture by working for two years as a saleswoman and in other capacities in department stores and small shops similar to her own. Her sister is a popular actress with a huge acquaintance among fashionable people as well as a large following on Broadway. The sisters also numbered among their friends two or three men and women with a wide experience in various branches of the garment business — one a dress manufacturer of many years' success, one a style authority and so on.

With such a foundation there was every reason to count on a bright future. Even the first year might do better than an even break. Nevertheless the losses were so heavy during the two unlucky months the shop was open that any money-making possibilities were pushed forward at least two years. This misfortune was due to one circumstance only. The fashion had changed, and all the short-skirted, straight-line frocks which stocked the shop were a total loss. Paris had spoken, waistlines and long skirts were in, and no one could be induced to enter a shop with a window showing last month's mode.

A good many people have been puzzled at the suddenness and completeness of the change. The new style is so different from that which prevailed for several seasons that it forces itself on the attention of the least observant. As for people with an economic interest in fashion — New York manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, designers, underwear manufacturers and dozens of allied workers — the intense excitement of a year ago has now somewhat subsided, and they are calm enough to devise explanations for the benefit of curious inquirers. When their responses seem inconclusive, as they almost always do, the prying mind may turn to the stylists, the experts on trade papers and the representatives of Paris in New York for further instruction.

A great deal may easily be learned

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about the effects of the sudden commands of the great French dressmakers, but it is harder to find out just how they put their plan over. There is no doubt that they did have an agreement on the new silhouette and that they compelled every one to fall into line, but in some quarters in New York opposition to the idea of complete dominance by Paris is so strong that the wish is father to the thought. Certain individual manufacturers and certain organizations wish so much that America could design her own fashions that they really believe she does it. For this reason it is impossible to get any information from them on how the French *couturiers* changed the American woman's figure overnight. They will not admit so unpatriotic a fact.

On the last day of last June the Merchants' Association of New York sent to all the city's newspapers an announcement for immediate release. It began: "No longer need the women of America look to Paris as the style centre. For New York designers have made such rapid strides that they anticipate Paris, often outstrip it, and put the season's vogues on the market before Paris can catch up to them." Further on it makes the point again: "Paris may on some occasions originate; but New York anticipates."

It may have been such propaganda as this that blinded garment makers of more experience than the young woman who lost her specialty shop. There is a house specializing in clothes for young women and girls which is owned by the brother of four famous stage comedians. He did not believe that well-dressed girls would accept the dictates of Paris. Last September he brought out a line which adhered to the knee-length skirt. Not only his sports frocks but his semi-formal dresses kept the old silhouette. He must have learned an expensive lesson, for it was the younger women who put the first stamp of approval on the new ideas of the French designers. These girls had only the haziest recollection of long skirts, and they seized on the new styles in their most extreme interpretations. Older women, who had everything to gain — in dignity, in elegance and in ability to wear the new fashions becomingly — balked at the change. Slowly and reluctantly they gave up the short, simple frocks which spelled youth to them and accepted the styles which are suitable to their type.

It is always the younger generation that takes up new style ideas. Girls serve as a kind of shock troops in all such matters. They rapidly became so feminized that now they are hardly recognizable as the boyish chits of a year ago. With them in their enthusiastic welcome of the change were the enterprising buyers of American department stores and specialty shops. It meant more business, the reassembling of entire wardrobes for their customers, and at no greater expense than would have been the case if the styles had remained the same.

American manufacturers, on the other hand, saw themselves confronted with the problem of making dresses that required more material and, even more important, more labor in their construction. Another extra expense was discov-

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ered in the quality of material. The new styles did not encourage the use of heavily weighted silk, which will not drape nor lend itself to what the experts like to call manipulation. Many a manufacturer had previously availed himself of the opportunity to buy heavy silk which was half or more than half tin weighting. It is cheap and does not wear well, but it feels heavy in the hand, and escapes the critical attention of the purchaser when made up in short straight dresses. But it is not satisfactory when draped or gathered.

THERE is too much competition among manufacturers to allow of the possibility of an advance in prices among the great majority. It became important to five or six hundred of them to produce dresses of better quality at a price comparable with that of last year. They tried in various ways to meet the crisis. Some of them ignored the dictates of Paris, like the fifth brother of the comedians, and lost money. Others used silk substitutes, and some failed to meet the change and went out of business.

The effects of such a change are much greater than is generally appreciated. It is not only the American dress manufacturer who is concerned, but the corset maker, the lingerie maker and even the maker of such accessories as blouses, gloves and hand bags.

The corset people, who had been in despair for years over their situation, took a new lease of life. The natural waistline and the new figure required what is euphemistically called a foundation garment. It became at once a necessity and a luxury, for the French again led the way in creating a corset which was beautiful as well as practical.

In spite of all the talk about hour-glass figures and the restoration of curves, the actual fact is that the shape under the billowing or flaring dress must be as slender as possible. It became a high mission of the corset makers to produce something which would impart the desired willowy slimness without creating discomfort. Most girls and women had worn nothing boned and rigid for years, and they wanted to be beautiful without suffering, even though they have it from the French *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. Whether the corset manufacturers accomplished the hoped for results or not, they at least sold foundation garments in greater numbers than in the last twenty years.

THE lingerie manufacturers also caught the reverberations. No more straightline short slips with a minimum of material. Like the dressmakers, they had to use more silk, for flares, for fitted tops and for length. One house naïvely contributed length to its products by the simple expedient of lengthening shoulder straps, which formerly had never been longer than nine inches. Thus the hem extended nearly to the hem of the new frocks, even though at the top it came only half way to the arm pits.

There is hardly a section of the great combined industry built on women's fashion which did not feel the effects of the change wrought in Paris a year ago. And most of them benefited by it financially. With the acceptance of the normal waistline,

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blouses of the tuck-in kind which had entirely disappeared from the local scene came back. Gloves had dropped out more or less during the seasons of simple informality, and they are now to the fore, even for evening wear. Bare legs were not impossible with boyish clothes, but stockings are a necessity with graceful skirts.

A YEAR after the event, with evidence of the complete success of the Paris *coup* visible on every hand, some of the wise ones are saying that they knew it all along. The time was ripe for a change, women were tired of the old silhouette, the swing to a new fashion was bound to come anyhow. They can point to the lack of prepared publicity beforehand as proof that the great dressmakers themselves did not know what the women would want. It is quite true that there was no advance notice of the change. It may seem strange to American business men, but the French preferred to let their action speak for itself. They could not do it if they did not have the prestige and authority of years of leadership.

American style creators have tried to engage in similar enterprises. When some department of industry decides to attempt a change, it works in one of two ways. In one case, which Helen Woodward described fully in her book, *Through Many Windows*, a tremendous effort was made to popularize cotton goods. The interest of French designers was enlisted to some extent, but it was an interest founded on the generous outlay of the cotton people and not on the intuitive feeling of the designers that this was the time to put women into cotton dresses. In other instances new fashions have been exploited through the press and by costly publicity campaigns. Americans have greater faith in such devices and in the printed word than the practical minded French. Occasionally they have even tried to stem the tide by such methods, seeing their error only when thousands of dollars have been wasted.

The French *couturiers* started no propaganda before acting. They did not call for reporters or photographers, nor did they engage a high-powered publicity firm. They simply made the change and allowed the resounding echoes of their drastic action to create what publicity was needed. It created plenty.

THE silhouette was determined by the style creators of Paris functioning as a body. Several competent observers are authority for this statement. One is a woman in charge of an important fashion bureau in this city which distributes style information to the biggest newspapers and magazines in New York and the whole country. She goes to Paris at least four times a year, sees all the openings, and is in the confidence of several of the most famous dressmakers. Another is the generally recognized expert on the staff of the most important trade paper of the New York garment business. She also makes frequent trips to Paris and is familiar with the methods of the *haute couturière*.

These and other authorities agree that no matter how details from numerous houses may differ, the outline and proportions of the fashionable figure are determined by all the important ones working together

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as a unit. Jacques Worth is the president of this body, called the *Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers*. When he visited this country a few years ago, he made an informal talk to a small gathering of fashion writers and editors, in which he said: "Most of you think of the high *couture* of Paris as a kind of body of autocrats. You think we go behind closed doors and decide what women all over the world will wear during the coming season. This is a flattering portrait, but unfortunately not true. We must experiment. Every year we bring out hundreds of models and those which are retained are those chosen by the majority of women, who after all are arbiters of their own fate" — and more to the same effect.

THIS is literal truth mixed with French politeness. The minor details of many models fail to please, but even the failures follow in their general outlines the plan decided upon in advance when the autocrats do meet behind closed doors. Women are certainly allowed to choose what they want, but their choice is extremely limited. It is confined to coats, frocks, suits and sports clothes which, this year, are built on the lines of the natural figure. The probabilities are, in spite of rumors to the contrary, that the French *couture* will continue discreetly to exploit the present fashion, making only such small changes as a new season demands, until there is an indication of a need for another change. The members of the *Chambre Syndicale* are autocrats in the sense that they act with complete authority. Like other modern monarchs, they keep in touch with popular feeling and swing styles at such times as popular thinking needs the hand of power.

Once the silhouette is decided, each house stresses the details appealing to the head or to the chief designer. Small distinctions, such as the asymetrical neckline which Vionnet made her own a few seasons ago, or the use of capes, the seaming of a skirt, intricate cut and so forth may distinguish the output of individual houses. Certain dressmakers cater to conservative taste, others bid for a more enterprising clientèle; some like tweeds and others use jersey for similar purposes; various kinds of fabrics are favored by different designers, but all conform to the chosen silhouette.

WHEN the decision was made, it was done by concerted action and at the psychologically right moment. Season after season the American buyers had been going to Paris in the hope of finding something new, for novelty is the basis of prosperity in the garment trades. It stirs interest and loosens purse-strings. Year after year these buyers were dissatisfied with the static silhouette, with nothing more than slight deviation in details offered for their inspection. The French feeling that the time was not right for change has been justified in the light of recent experiences. Women were still content with their short skirts, even for evening wear, the rather high, rounded neckline, the waist somewhere in the region of the hips. It was all so easy and simple, and few women questioned the becomingness of the styles.

When a vague unrest began to manifest itself a couple of years

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ago, the French dressmakers put their heads together and began a tentative offering of the now prevailing silhouette to some of their private patrons. A year ago last winter a few of them were seen at French resorts, particularly for evening wear. Apparently there was general satisfaction with the response of the fashionable women to the new idea, but it was not pushed, and it was not until last September that it was launched, with the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm, on a waiting world.

The resistance offered by the more conservative element among women and by American adapters and manufacturers was insignificant in comparison with the pleasure of everyone else. The French textile houses work closely with the designers, and their own trade body coöperated with the dressmakers' organization in putting over the change. Gradually conscientious objectors have been forced to accept the new conditions, and any resistance has become a matter of ambush fighting.

THERE have always been rumors that the French Government has lent special support to the French dressmakers, partly in recognition of their preëminence and their value to the nation. This rumor could not be substantiated at the French Chamber of Commerce in New York. According to an official at those offices, the French *Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers* transacts any business with the Government through the national Chamber of Commerce, just as would be done in America. He was pleasantly hearty in his refutation of any idea that the French *couture* might be a special favorite with the home Government.

"The French Government can not be bothered with the making of petticoats," he said. And he thinks the *couturiers* are well able to handle affairs for themselves and glad to work with as little interference, even well-intentioned, as possible. "These people," he said, "are artists, not mere industrialists."

THE probabilities are that their special strength is of their own making. If they are artists, they have demonstrated that the temperament may be bent to a wise course of concerted action. They can agree on something that benefits their art, that allows individuals ample free play, and at the same time maintain their jealously guarded national prestige. Like other workers, artists and industrialists alike, they feel a strong, pulsing competition among themselves, but they recognize the necessity for unanimity as well as for individual success. In spite of the incredulity and opposition of many American dress manufacturers, who believed that the old silhouette would last forever, they led the way triumphantly to a fresh view. And they did it in the time-honored way of the French, not by prepared propaganda and advance publicity, but by the *fait accompli*.

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So This Is London

By R. H. S.

Notes on Recent News in England

The longest day of the year has gone, the hottest (so far) has come, sport is in full swing, and the voice of the American is heard in our land. Of him, in the bulk, we have nowadays nothing but good to say. We like him and we can use his holiday money, though nobody can accuse us of separating him from his roll with undue eagerness. Indeed, an old American friend complained to me the other day — with rather needless bitterness, I thought — that if you wanted to buy something in an English shop you had pretty nearly to go behind the counter and sell it to yourself.

I admit the British salesman isn't quite the knife-edged article to be met elsewhere. Perhaps that is why we still owe America such a lot of money. Anyway it is not for you to complain. You may find a London hotel with some advanced idea of how that annual £30,000,000 or so ought to be collected back, but outside of that, provided you stick to beer and gooseberry tart and avoid fake Cotswold cottages, we shall always give you value for your money.

There is however another class of American — the sort that comes over here and carries off a lot of souvenirs by what the lawyers call the exercise of *vis major*. One of these I have particularly in mind, a chap called Robert Tyre Jones. I went out to Oxhey to see the said Jones play a four ball match with three English veterans, Vardon, Braid and Ray. The game was staged for the benefit of the Professional Golfers' Benevolent Fund and was entirely the idea of this Mr. Jones who, though ruthless in other directions, has a large heart. By way of giving us value for our money he went round the Oxhey course — which he had never seen before — in 66, one more than the record for the course, 65, accomplished once by Ted Ray, the professional, in the twenty years that he has been there.

Well, I need not tell you what this Jones fellow has taken back home with him, for you know already, but I am not sure that all Americans realize how much we think of the young men you nowadays send over to show us how to do it in the world of sport. If I were a statistician I should appraise the "amicable relations value" of one Bobby Jones as offsetting at least

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fifty Senator Johnsons and falling not far short of that of General Dawes, in spite of the fact that the latter is a whole-time worker at it.

In my one day at Wimbledon last week I found myself watching another of your young men who will plunder us before he is through, only to realize after a while that I must first have seen Johnny Doeg when there was precious little of him to see. It takes you back, as they say. But who would not be a lawn tennis champ with three Sutton sisters for tutelary aunts and a fourth — and some used to say the best of them all — for one's mother. But Johnny may have to look to his laurels, for if I recollect aright there ought to be a husky young Sutton-Bundy coming on, unless he is going in for something effeminate like aviation.

* * *

THE real focal point of political interest is the Simon Report. As I foretold, it advocated the strengthening of central control in British hands and a much larger measure of decentralized Indian control in the to-be-Federated Provinces. The Report got a thoroughly bad press in India — that was to be expected — and not a particularly enthusiastic one in London, where the subject is still academic to most people.

One point seized upon by the moderate Indian critics is that the Commission recommends placing control of the police in the Provinces entirely in native hands. The critics say that if Indians are capable of policing themselves in Provinces they are certainly capable of managing the affairs of India as a whole. The answer is of course that Indians are not a bit capable of policing themselves in the Provinces, that British controlled police would be back to stop the rumpus about six weeks after the Provinces started to govern themselves. But the Commission obviously can not make that point.

THE real weakness of the Commission's Report is that it envisages Indian political progress too closely on Western lines. The London-trained Bengali babus may approve of that secretly, because it lets them into the picture, but it is obvious that a country of over 300,000,000 Oriental minded people, of whom only one per cent are literate, with 4,000 castes and God knows how many languages, and hundreds of jarring sects ranging from the elevated creed of Buddha to the most primitive devil-worship, with 60,000,000 "untouchables" to whom their fellow Hindus scarcely concede the right to live, and another 70,000,000 Mahometans who deem it their duty, when the occasion offers, to wipe the Hindu off the face of the earth, can not be turned into a Western democracy overnight nor perhaps in a thousand years.

Until the British came no part of India had ever in all its history been governed except by tyrants or, as we call them politely, absolute monarchs, some of them good, but the greater part of them thoroughly bad. The obvious solution to the Indian problem therefore, if Indians are entitled to and insist on being governed by Indians, is for the whole of British India, excluding Burmah and the Northwest Frontier, to be

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carved out into native States with native rulers enjoying the same independence and the same autocratic powers that the existing Native States enjoy, British control being confined to a resident agent in each State, to see that the local Maharajah does not grossly misbehave himself, and a central Imperial Executive to deal with inter-State disputes and other matters.

This scheme would not commend itself to Anglo-Indians, but as a matter of fact they would be as much in demand as ever for service in the local administrations and their positions would be considerably more dignified and probably better remunerated than at present.

* * *

POLITICS count for more in Fleet Street than in the American newspaper world. Hence the disappearance of an old established London Liberal morning paper, *The Daily Chronicle*. It has been swallowed by *The Daily News* — the Cocoa Press as it is called, because owned by the Cadburys of chocolate fame. That leaves the Liberals with one morning and one evening paper in London instead of the two of each they used to have. It is two too many, because the Liberal Party, all of it, that is to say except Lloyd George, is as dead as cold mutton.

It took more than politics, however, to settle *The Chronicle's* hash. High finance did it. At the end of the war it was sound financially and had the largest circulation, after *The Daily Mail*, of all London penny papers. Then Lloyd George decided he must have a morning paper to win the "Khaki" (1918) election, and with the help of Sir Basil Zaharoff and a Scots shipping magnate who had made seven million out of the war and got a peerage for his pains, he secured control of *The Chronicle* for £1,500,000. It was a fancy price. Nevertheless in 1926 L. G. managed to sell the paper to a couple of well-meaning Liberal East India merchants with more money than sense for something like £3,000,000, he, Lloyd George, retaining control of the paper's policy. On that condition it was worth, outside the tangible assets, about fifteen cents, but nobody seemed to realize it.

FORTUNATELY for the East India merchants there recently loomed on the Fleet Street firmament one Harrison of the Inveresk Paper Company, a young man in a hurry to buy up all the newspapers in sight. He bought, among other things, *The Chronicle* — the price has not been disclosed — bought a lot of new machinery, and lured away high priced journalists from other papers with the offer of fancy contracts. The Harrison kite came down with a swish and Lloyd's Bank, which had found the money, put the brokers in. They sold the paper, presumably for what it would fetch, and *The News Chronicle*, which is really *The News Westminster Chronicle*, takes the field against the powerful Rothermere and Beaverbrook groups and the reorganized and steadily growing Labor organ, *The Daily Herald*. *The Chronicle* is not the last paper to go phut, but it would be indelicate to mention the next in line until the obsequies are actually announced.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

SINCE this department, no matter where it may appear, is of necessity somewhat in the nature of a serial, it may be proper to bring to an end the sad story begun in the July issue, and to report that the automobile accident, which at the time of the writing of the last Landscape was depressingly contemporary, has now faded quietly into the background. Thanks are due to Mother Nature for the restoration of the human victims and to the ingenuity of Mr. Ford for the restoration of the inanimate sufferer. The Landscaper has been told many times that everyone must have at least one such accident, and if he can only keep his ratio to the minimum, everything will be satisfactory all around.

There is no especial excuse this month, therefore, for any philosophical ramblings, and it happens that a sufficient number of books of importance has appeared in the past few weeks to furnish material for comment without going too far afield. Publishing is emerging from its early summer doldrums; the fright occasioned by the appearance of new fiction at $1, most of it being new fiction of the second or third grade, seems to be passing, and the older houses, together with the conservative younger ones, are at least willing to take chances with their books. In general a good deal less fiction is being bought just now than has been customary for a year or two, that is, bookstore fiction within the ordinary price range of $2 to $2.50. In part, at least, this situation is explained by the general economic depression, since reading, especially of books, is for most people a pure luxury, and one that is easy to surrender. It is also true that there has been very little outstanding fiction on the market since the first of this year; one could name the important novels of this period on the fingers of one hand and perhaps have a thumb left over. In this respect, at least, the autumn season will be an improvement, as there are several quite promising novels in the offing, and perhaps it should be added before the subject is dropped for this time, anyway, that they are priced virtually without exception at $2.50. The only $1 novel carrying the name of a first-rate author that has appeared up to this time is H. G. Wells's *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, which bears the imprint of Doubleday,

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Doran, and not even Mr. Wells's most ardent admirers have been able to work up much enthusiasm over this satire of English politics.

Bad News for the Public

PERHAPS it is only fair for the Landscaper to explain that a connection with publishing may prejudice him somewhat in this matter of $1 books, or perhaps the prejudice may arise from a deeper source, a natural conservatism. But the observations that have been made about the quality of the fiction that has thus far appeared at $1 are accurate and reasonably unbiased. Thus far, at any rate, it is quite possible to buy reading matter between covers at $1, but it is not yet possible to buy really first-rate novels for such a price, and the prospects that there will be any very general slash in the prices of fiction seem at this writing rather remote. There are certain fixed economic factors in the situation that must be changed before the public will be able to treat itself to books at less than one-half the current price.

The Landscaper has already mentioned one book in connection with the price controversy that those who are intelligently interested will wish to read. This is Stanley Unwin's *The Truth About Publishing*. A much newer volume that is right up to the minute is *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, by R. L. Duffus, the result of a study undertaken for the Carnegie Corporation (Houghton Mifflin, $2). Mr. Duffus, as those who read *The New York Times* know, is an intelligent journalist, and his book is accurate and thorough. It discloses one fact that has an important bearing upon the existing situation in publishing, namely the extremely small part in the lives of average Americans that is played by books.

Those of us whose lives are filled with books from morning until midnight may find Mr. Duffus's statistics a little hard to take in, but his observations have been made with accuracy, and when we pause to reflect that in a country of 130,000,000 people, the sale of 100,000 copies of a book is pathetically rare, we have made our own check on his statements. This Average American of whom we hear so much and see so little, buys only two books every twelve months. He borrows two more from public libraries. Perhaps he borrows one or two more from rental libraries and friends, bringing his total up to six a year, or one every two months.

Poor Showing for America

IT IS needless to point out that in a country with supposedly high literacy these figures are depressing, and needless to emphasize the fact that certain European countries, notably Germany, are far in advance of us in the manner of buying and reading books. Mr. Duffus adds the statement that we spend something like $150,000,000 a year for books, and goes on with this quotation from a Government bulletin:

"The national bill for soft drinks is eleven times as large as the public library bill; the radio bill twelve and a half times as large, the moving picture bill twenty-two times as large, and the candy bill twenty-eight times as large as the public library bill." It may be readily deduced from

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these figures that our poor showing in the purchase of books, and in the support of our public libraries, does not come from any lack of funds; on the surface at least it appears that we simply prefer other forms of amusement, such as comforting our stomachs with soft drinks and candy, and our minds with radios and movies. Of course, Mr. Duffus does not leave magazine reading out of account, and American magazines are unique. They offer more good reading matter for less money than may be had in any other way; certainly there is nothing in Europe to compare with them. But granting this, there is little for us to be proud of in the figures relating to our reading habits.

Mr. Duffus Is Hopeful

MR. DUFFUS is not overly pessimistic, however. Indeed, he thinks there is a chance that the current flood of cheaper books will break into the great untapped market that all our serious thinkers discover whenever they set out to examine the situation. If, however, books have to be brought down to the general level of radio entertainment and the movies in order to tap this great market, it is a little difficult to see just what cultural gains may be expected. This statement is heretical, we know; the good democratic theory is that the people who even begin by reading books cheap in quality and contents will pass rapidly on to better fare until we have a whole nation eager to devour good literature. The truly extraordinary improvement in the movies during the past ten or twenty years is evidence of just how well this theory works out. [Meant "sarkastikal."] But regardless of theories, Mr. Duffus's book is extremely timely, and will prove interesting to those who still have a yearning to buy their books in bookstores, rather than in hot dog stands and chain drugstores.

For The Serious Drinkers

BELIEVE it or not, the Landscaper knows a more tiresome subject to write about than the price of books. It is none other than Prohibition. If Gilbert Seldes had not made a real contribution recently, there would never have been any mention made of it. But the versatile Mr. Seldes, who writes good dramatic criticisms for our favorite New York tabloid, which, since they are without diagrams, must be somewhat of a puzzle to Mr. Macfadden's followers, has written a really amusing book, called *The Future of Drinking* (Little, Brown, $2) illustrated with a great many hilarious drawings by Don Herold. Mr. Seldes is flippant and ironical about drinking, and his book is sure to give the Anti-Saloon League a great pain, but this will be only fair, for that august body gives a lot of other people a great pain, including, no doubt, Mr. Seldes himself. It is only fair to explain that Mr. Seldes's book is really not about Prohibition, but about something much more important; Prohibition, from all appearances, is only a passing phase of the more serious question of drinking. Mr. Seldes believes that there are two new religions in America: one the religion against drinking, the other the religion of compulsory drunkenness.

He finds that drinking is growing among women by those often-mentioned leaps and bounds. The women,

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as the leisure class, have ample time to drink, and even the most casual observer of the contemporary scene must have noticed that women are doing more and more of the hard drinking just now. Only a short time ago an upright suburban husband told the Landscaper he was getting very tired of coming home in the afternoons to a houseful of half-lit female bridge-players, his wife among them, especially when his job made such stern demands upon him that he had to let liquor strictly alone. Mr. Seldes does not think much of women drinkers, and neither for that matter does any other man who has any respect for drinking done properly. These remarks may appear somewhat beside the point, however, which is that *The Future of Drinking* is an entertainingly done essay, and deserves a reading.

On The Serious Side

THOSE who like their Prohibition treated more seriously will find *Before and After Prohibition* by Millard E. Tydings, United States Senator from Maryland (Macmillan, $2), a balanced study of the subject, with every evidence on the part of the writer of the desire to retain his objectivity. His solution is local option. Perhaps this is as good a time as any to repeat from Senator Tydings's volume some of the reforms that the proponents of Prohibition claimed would follow the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment:

"It would end drunkenness; it would practically eliminate deaths from alcoholism; it would decrease crime and it would practically empty the jails and penitentiaries; it would end the traffic in intoxicating beverages; it would abolish the saloon; it would decrease the number of the insane; it would offer a better example for the young; it would make roads safer for travel; it would make bank deposits and savings accounts grow at a faster rate; it would direct the money then being spent for liquor to the purchase of more socially useful things; it would decrease taxes; it would enhance the moral grandeur of America, and it would bring into being those broad principles of humanity which are the aim of all civilized people."

Is any comment necessary?

Our Cultural Origins

MR. SELDES has a suspicion that Calvinism is at the back of Prohibition, Calvinism and its child, Industrialism. Mr. Seldes is a Humanist, or if not that, at least a Humanitarian. As a companion volume to his small book, the seeker after further knowledge in the same direction might well direct his attention to Professor Thomas Cuming Hall's *The Religious Background of American Culture* (Little, Brown, $3.00), in which the author exculpates the Puritans from the charge of having set some of our most disagreeable culture-patterns and traces our ways of thinking straight back to Wyclif. It is English Dissent, he thinks, that has shaped our course in religion, and he has worked out this theory in a manner that will hold fascination for any observer of American life who has wondered just how we have come to think certain ways and to act invariably in certain predictable directions. Professor Hall is now teaching in Germany. He

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writes with admirable detachment and a real understanding. A book of this sort is far too provocative to be fairly dismissed in a few paragraphs, for it gets at the roots of much that we think of as characteristically American, but space prevents any fuller treatment at present. Professor Hall is obviously correct in going back as far as the England of the third Edward to find the origins of many of our most familiar ways of thinking and acting.

Since there are implicit in his excellent volume many of the reasons for the deep and bitter hatred of the Catholic Church that exists in this country, another recent volume that touches upon the recent growth of Roman Catholicism in England comes to mind. This is Father Ronald Knox's *Caliban in Grub Street* (Dutton, $2.50), in which one of the most brilliant of the English Catholic Apologists pleads for a return to what is to him the Mother Church, and argues for the retention of belief in all its miracles and mysteries. Father Knox writes like another G. K. Chesterton, in fervor, at least. By a roundabout route, it appears to the Landscaper that Mr. Seldes, Mr. Chesterton, and Father Knox might sit down to a round of bitters and enjoy each other's society. . . .

More About Our Culture

THIS matter of American culture comes up again in *The American Road to Culture*, by George S. Counts (John Day), who is the associate director of the International Institute at Teachers College, Columbia University, and whose book is an examination of the way our young folk are educated, with considerable criticism of methods in vogue. As a companion volume, one might read Cyril Norwood's *The English Tradition of Education* (Dutton, $3.50), Professor Norwood being Headmaster at Harrow and therefore fully qualified to speak out, especially with regard to tradition in secondary education. He has a great deal of respect for the English manner of training youth, but is not narrow-minded on the subject. The Landscaper has brought the two books in a single paragraph because nothing could be farther apart than the English and American educational systems in general; in this difference lies the reason for much of the feeling of utter strangeness that is bound to arise between even the most congenial Englishmen and Americans.

Students of American history and particularly those who, like your humble servant, are especially fond of the Emersonian times, will find a small volume by Charles Gide, a Frenchman, on *Communist and Co-operative Colonies* (Crowell, $2.50), especially interesting; it relates the story of many experiments in colony life, and explains the reasons for the failure of these idealistic efforts. It begins with the Jesuit republics, and discusses the Shakers, Perfectionists, Fourierists, Anarchists, and so on with scientific balance and impartiality, and is altogether a book that will have a strong appeal to some people. Ernest F. Row has done the translation.

War Themes

WAR, Politics and Reconstruction is not the most fortunate title in the world for another of the most important of recent books, as there

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have been many wars, much politics, and many periods of reconstruction; but this volume relates to the troublous times in Louisiana that began in the 'Sixties of the past century and continued long enough to leave memories in the South that will be a long time dying. The book is by H. C. Warmoth, the Reconstruction Governor of Louisiana, and is published by Macmillan. It brings to light many new documents and will be of interest to historians as well as to those who like to read of the period for its sheer drama. Warmoth was Governor of Louisiana from 1868 to 1873. It is worthy of note that the Reconstruction Period is receiving much attention at present; other important books on the subject of recent months have been Claude Bowers's fiery *The Tragic Era* and Judge Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*, both of which throw much light on a vexed subject, and incidentally upon one of the most wholly shameful periods in the history of our country.

Verdun, by Marshal Petain (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $4), is the whole story of one of the greatest battles ever fought, by a man who knew the story from the inside. It is a fair history, and even goes so far as to praise the humanitarianism of the muchly-bedamned Crown Prince. This would have been one of the most widely discussed of war books had it been published six months ago; it still deserves attention, but there appears to be little doubt that we have abandoned the War for a time, at least. The excellent translation is by Margaret MacVeagh.

Referring to the War, George Sylvester Viereck has written the story of German propaganda in this country in *Spreading Germs of Hate* (Liveright, $3.50), with a foreword by E. M. House. This book grew out of some articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*, in which Mr. Viereck appeared in the third person, and he has continued this manner of telling the story in the full-length tale. All those of us who were in the midst of the world of newspapers during the War will find the book thoroughly worth reading; it also has its importance historically speaking. Mr. Viereck does not give himself the worst of the deal, and it is a little hard to remember just how much we good Americans hated him during the war times, but this has no bearing upon the value and importance of the book he has done. He is also the author of *Glimpses of the Great* (Macaulay, $5), in which he tells many anecdotes of Shaw, Clemenceau, Mussolini, Joffre, Barbusse, Voronoff, Einstein, and a score or more of other worthies.

War Novels Still Come

SPEAKING of the War, works of fiction that are mainly concerned with it continue to appear, despite the fact that the public has lost a good deal of its zest of last year for this type of book. This change of heart is unfortunate in a way because it means that good books will be neglected merely for the reason that they do not happen to fit the passing fad. There has been a marked reaction against the "horror" type of war novel in England, some rumors of which were reported by the Landscaper early this year; the British Legion has even gone so far as to pass resolutions opposing the use of the War as a background for fiction,

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which takes its place easily with the more ridiculous acts of 1930. The objection to a certain type of war novel is not without foundation, although it may fairly be said that anything as big as the World War must have thousands of angles, and a book that preaches pacifism in every sentence through the terrible experiences of its writer may be just as true as one that depicts war as a glorious adventure and the privilege of dying for one's country, no matter how messily, as man's supreme experience.

Henry Williamson's *The Patriot's Progress* (Dutton, $2.50), is one of the better war books and does not deserve to be overlooked. Mr. Williamson, a trained writer, has undertaken to write the war history of an "average" Englishman, whom he calls John Bullock. Bullock joins up in the infantry, and sees a good bit of fighting, which comes to a close when he loses a leg and is sent home to Blighty. Mr. Williamson's descriptions of war are among the best the Landscaper has read, and the pathetic lack of understanding, the dog-like fidelity, of John Bullock, are movingly portrayed. The author has preached whatever sermon there is in the book by indirection; his book is done with simplicity and restraint. It is short, and the more dramatic for its brevity. There are many linoleum cuts by William Kermode that keep faithfully to the spirit of the text.

How It Might Have Been

An altogether different type of war book is Bernard Newman's *The Cavalry Goes Through!* (Holt, $2). Mr. Newman was a staff captain in the British army; in his engaging book he has told, with footnotes and maps, how the War was brought to an end in 1917, by the use of strikingly original strategy worked out by an officer named Duncan. Duncan, according to the tale, made his beginning in a sort of private war, the cleaning up of a colony called German North Africa. The story of how he arrived in France with his rag-tag and bobtail outfit, who could not drill, but who could march thirty miles a day and then fight, is convincing and entertaining. It has had the approval of a number of British military authorities, who say that the War might really have been brought to a close by just the tactics outlined by Mr. Newman. The book is a genuine *tour de force*, and should give especial delight to ex-service men, many of whom knew at the time they could end the war if the chance had only presented itself.

Another war book that sticks closer to the truth of history than *The Cavalry Goes Through!* but which is also amusing rather than shocking, is Jacques Deval's *Wooden Swords* (Viking Press, $2.50), which is war from the point of view of a near-sighted soldier in the Service of Supply, a good, ironical spoof of the whole business. A thoroughly well-written war novel of the more conventional type, although more of an artistic achievement than most of its fellows, is Vernon Bartlett's *The Unknown Soldier* (Stokes, $2.50), which is made up of the reflections of a young officer as he lies wounded in a shellhole. Bartlett made a novel of *Journey's End*, and did an unusually competent job of it. A war book that can not by any stretch of the imagination be termed a novel, since

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it is made up of the actual experiences of some sixty men and women actually in the trouble, is called *Everyman at War* (Dutton, $2.50). It covers all ranks both on sea and land, and is authentic history so far as the British forces are concerned, although much of the material is less interesting than is to be found in the more fictionized versions. It does, however, give a valuable and accurate picture of the War from many angles. Certainly no war in human history will have been so well "covered" as this one; we shall have whole libraries devoted to the single subject. The next one will be even better covered; perhaps we may look forward to the help of television with sound effects and shall not have to wait at all for our knowledge of what goes on in wartime.

Germany And The Germans

Some of the important books that are to be discussed under the convenient heading of miscellaneous bear on the War also; for example, Rudolph Olden's *Stresemann* (Dutton, $3.50), a biography of the great German statesman that could not have been written without full attention to recent history, and especially to the after-effects of the War. R. T. Clark has done the translation; the book itself is thorough and interesting. The same house has published General von Seeckt's *The Future of the German Empire* in a translation by Oakley Williams.

Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voight have collaborated on an excellent biography of the President of the German Republic, in *Hindenburg: The Man and the Legend* (Morrow, $3.50), the book having won the highest praise from a number of the most discriminating English critics. Miss Goldsmith is an American by birth, although she has spent much of her life abroad; Mr. Voight is her husband.

Passing along under this heading, one of the most delightfully painful books that the Landscaper has seen lately is *Only Saps Work* by Courtenay Terrett (Vanguard, $2.00). Mr. Terrett is a star reporter who has worked on several New York newspapers with distinction. *Only Saps Work* is about racketeering, which is rapidly becoming our most important industry, a by-product of democracy that grows in quantity too rapidly for comfort. We all know from reading the newspapers that racketeering has penetrated almost every business large and small, and that its parasitical followers grow in number and influence every day. Perhaps the most shocking of recent revelations of its prevalence comes out of Chicago, where a great hue and cry over the murder of a reporter by gangsters was quickly hushed when it was discovered that the reporter was no more than a highly successful racketeer himself. There are indications that all is not well with the rest of the press in Chicago, which is hardly surprising; such lawlessness as goes on in the Illinois city is never permitted unless the people who ought to stop it are involved in it. Mr. Terrett explains how we can all be racketeers, which may be a solution of the present unemployment situation. His is a bitter book; it should be required reading for hundred percenters, together with Danny Ahearn's *How to Commit a Murder*, published a few months ago.

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An Achievement

A MUCH more cheerful volume is James Weldon Johnson's *Black Manhattan* (Knopf, $2.50), which is the record of this island's Negro population from the beginning down to the present, with much space devoted to that most extraordinary section, Harlem, and to its recent achievements. A great deal of the inspiring progress made by the black folk of Manhattan has taken place within the personal knowledge of Mr. Johnson, and the record he sets down is in every respect encouraging for the future. Mrs. Paul Robeson has recently told the story of her husband's life in a book published by Harper, which fits in quite well with the Johnson volume; the amount of influence on race relations exerted by a man like Paul Robeson is almost beyond calculation. Those who are interested more deeply and widely in the whole race question will find Charles S. Johnson's *The Negro in American Civilization* (Holt, $4) a remarkably comprehensive study, the most complete done up to the present time. It is a factual volume, accurate and thorough, its author being one of the best known Negro sociologists in the country.

A bit of rambling in this section of the Landscape is excusable, so the Landscaper would like to mention several diverse sorts of books that have engaged his attention recently. Not to be overlooked by anyone who is at all interested in Emily Dickinson is Genevieve Taggard's splendid study, *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* (Knopf, $4), the finest biography that has been written on the subject. Miss Taggard has made distinct progress toward the solution of some of the mysteries that surround the life of the "New England nun"; at every point her book is intelligent and deeply interpretative. It is easily one of the best of this year's literary biographies. Books on the Brownings have been astonishingly prevalent this year, and there are more to come, the two newest ones being Dormer Creston's *Andromeda in Wimpole Street; The Romance of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Dutton, $3.50), a full-length biography using much material from the letters, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Letters to Her Sister, 1846–1859*, edited by Leonard Huxley (Dutton). The latter volume is made up of newly discovered letters from Elizabeth to Henrietta, and they will delight all those who are moved by the Browning love story. Miss Creston's biography is good, although the letters are somewhat wearisome.

A Variety Of Volumes

THE most interesting book of science the Landscaper has seen recently is *Numbers: The Language of Science* by Jobias Dantzig (Macmillan, $3.50), which might be termed a Short History of Mathematics. Even to one to whom this whole science is a closed book, there is genuine fascination in Dr. Dantzig's volume; it is the sort of book that provides mental exercise, tests the joints of the mind and tries one's mental wind. Without in the least claiming to understand much of it, the Landscaper has found it thoroughly engaging reading. In exploration the current prize goes to Delia Akeley, the widow of Carl Akeley. Her book is called *Jungle Portraits*

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(Putnam) and has a number of delightful chapters on monkeys. Of adventure at sea there is nothing better to be had at present than A. J. Villiers' *By Way of Cape Horn* (Holt, $3.50), the story of a voyage in a full-rigged sailing ship that surpasses the author's *Falmouth for Orders*, which was hailed last year as a nautical classic. Walter B. Hayward's *The Last Continent of Adventure* (Dodd, Mead, $3), is a well-done story of Arctic and Antarctic exploration which, like the Villiers books, will appeal to the male members of the human race no matter what their age.

On Life In Alaska

WITHOUT much emphasis upon the elements of adventure, but with much more upon the ease with which one may live and be comfortable in the country under discussion, Mary Lee Davis has written an informal, entertaining and comprehensive story of Alaska in *Uncle Sam's Attic* (Wilde, $3.50). Mrs. Davis has lived for years in Alaska, and her book is the outgrowth of her desire to see the country better understood. Many readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will recall her article, "Muk-Pi and Her People," a sketch of a charming young Eskimo girl and her family, which reappears in the book. There are many excellent illustrations, and a book that is without any literary pretence becomes by the enthusiasm of the author and her knowledge of the subject just the sort of thing that is likely to accomplish her exact purpose. There will be few people who do not know Alaska to whom many of Mrs. Davis's statements will not come as surprises; the widespread belief that all of Alaska is frozen up tight twelve months in the year dies very hard. It sounds in Mrs. Davis's book like one of the most attractive spots on earth; if the Landscaper ever slips off in that direction, *Uncle Sam's Attic* will have to take most of the blame.

A few more of these miscellaneous remarks, and we shall pass on to the mention of some more recent fiction. Other recommended volumes are *Come on Texas* by Paul Schubert (Cape and Smith, $3), the story of a battleship; *D. H. Lawrence* by Stephen Potter (Cape and Smith, $2.50), an attempt to understand and to interpret Lawrence's genius; and *Do You Know English Literature?* by Blanche Colton Williams and John Macy (Appleton, $3.50), which is a corking book of questions and answers that removed the last remaining fragment of conceit from the Landscaper. Perhaps it will from you — at any rate, it is worth trying. One marvels at the number of embarrassing questions Dr. Williams and Mr. Macy have thought up, embarrassing because they are so hard to answer.

Some Worth While Novels

A NUMBER of the recent novels are worthy of mention, notably another charming fantasy from the pen of Edith Olivier, who wrote *The Love Child* and *As Far as Jane's Grandmother*. The new book is called *The Triumphant Footman* (Viking, $2.50), and the scene is the City of Florence in the 'Nineties. The footman has a trick of impersonating people. This is a book which will appeal to certain people very much; it is quiet and

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subtle and skilful. From the same publishing house also came recently a collection of Dorothy Parker's short stories called *Laments for the Living*, which has aroused the critics and driven the timid public back into a good many bookstores. At least half these stories are remarkably good, remarkably original, remarkably accurate as to dialogue, and the Landscaper enjoyed the other half, too. In other words, even if you don't ordinarily care for collections of short stories, try this one.

Honoré Willsie Morrow, whose historical novels are entirely dependable, completes her Lincoln trilogy with *The Last Full Measure* (Morrow, $2.50), which tells the story of the whole Booth conspiracy; this house has an interesting novel by a newcomer called *The Tides of Malvern*. The author is Francis Griswold, a New York man, who went South some years ago and fell in love with the Low Country of South Carolina, and who means to write a number of novels about it. He has made a good beginning in his story of Malvern Barony and its people; the setting is the Charleston neighborhood.

The Passing Of A Poet

THE Landscaper can not put away his typewriter without a few words about the death of one of Spain's best writers and one of the most admirable and lovable men it has ever been his good fortune to meet. The reference is to Gabriel Miró, who died not long ago in Madrid in his middle fifties, the victim of a sudden attack of appendicitis. His only work translated into English was *The Figures of the Passion of Our Lord*, which, unfortunately, won him no recognition. He wrote many books, however, and did much other writing as well. For years he held a small post in the Department of Education; he was always poor, always cheerful and kindly, but too intelligent not to be ironical. Essentially a poet, he made his native tongue sound like the most beautiful of languages, and he was never more appealing than when he was speaking of Alicante, his home. When he was dying, a delegation of natives of his province came to Madrid to ask that they be allowed to take his body back to Alicante, but he had said almost with his last breath that he wanted no one bothered by his funeral; that, indeed, he preferred to be buried at five o'clock in the morning in Madrid so that no one should be molested. There are many things that any one of us who knew Miró might say of him, but none of them would do him quite justice. He was Spanish and Catholic, and both in a sense that is unknown to those without love for the country that gave him birth. Madrid will never be the same to the Landscaper now that he is gone.

And speaking of Spain, one of the most recent additions to the Modern Library is a complete *Don Quixote*. The Introduction is by the person his readers know best as the Landscaper; on the whole it is a pretty good Introduction. At least a lot of honest research went into it, and there are facts in it about Cervantes that are not easily accessible elsewhere. Even without the Introduction, however, the book would be a good purchase at 95 cents.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

The Dunster Case

By Joseph Lee

EADERS of The North American Review
remember the article *Banned in Boston* by
bert T. Bushnell concerning the Dunster case,
which a man who kept a book shop near
rvard College was convicted upon the testi-
ny of an agent of the New England Watch and
rd Society of selling a book which the defense
nitted was obscene. Many will remember also
rather sensational accusations made at the
l by the District Attorney, Robert T. Bushnell,
that time a candidate for the Republican
nination for Lieutenant-Governor of Massa-
setts, against the Watch and Ward Society
l its agent, and his threat of prosecuting them
conspiracy if they ever did such a thing again
hin his district.

The New England Watch and Ward Society,
med in 1878 by Phillips Brooks and others, to
nove commercialized temptation to vice, is
ried on by a board of directors composed of
minent citizens, who attend closely to its
siness. Their knowledge of criminal investiga-
n is not quite as naïve as that of a child of four
as was said of some of them by Mr. Bushnell.
e of them, Godfrey Lowell Cabot, who may
taken as the type, having learned that a certain
ctor was abusing his young women patients
der pretense of medical practice and religious
vor, not only righted that specific wrong but —
ding that the district attorney, to whom he
pealed, was more interested in the guilty than
the innocent — secured, in the Pelletier case
ich followed, both the disbarment of that
trict attorney and the imprisonment of another
ose wrongdoing he incidentally discovered,
d thus did more for law enforcement in Eastern
assachusetts than any other man of the present
neration has accomplished.

Against the paid agents of the Society Mr.
shnell, without citing instances, makes some
eeping accusations. Considering the dangers
ich private detectives face and the temptations
which they are subjected, the Society has been
ll served in this respect. Of the three men named
certain newspapers, one was a man whom the
ciety had never employed, another a man whom
it had not employed for the seven years preceding
his offense, and the third a man who apparently
was framed.

With this record, so far as it goes, may be compared that of Mr. Bushnell's own predecessors in Middlesex County: first, his immediate predecessor, Arthur K. Reading, concerning whom in 1928 a special committee of the Legislature reported recommending his impeachment on grounds of malfeasance in office (while the report was being considered Reading himself resigned, but was next year disbarred by the Supreme Court); second, Nathan A. Tufts, who was removed from office by the Supreme Court on grounds of misconduct and was later disbarred; and third, the predecessor next higher in this series, William J. Corcoran, whose imprisonment resulted as an outcome of the above mentioned Pelletier case. This record does not show marked superiority on the part of public officers over those employed by the Watch and Ward.

It is impossible to give in a few words a picture of what a Society like this has done in its half-century of work. Suffice to say that of over two thousand cases brought into court by the Society during the past ten years, the proportion of those successfully prosecuted is 98 per cent. The courts of Massachusetts do not find such a high percentage of defendants guilty in any set of cases unless the facts have been clearly proved.

Besides its work in other directions the Society has championed the cause of clean literature, cooperating with the booksellers in their informal censorship before 1927; and improving the law on the subject by successfully advocating the substitution, in the description of books that must be banned, of the words "that is obscene" for the too limiting phrase "containing obscene, indecent or impure language," while rejecting "taken as a whole" as requiring unnecessary work by juries. Put in a nutshell, their action was taken somewhat in the spirit of Walter Hines Page, who, when editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, once wrote to a woman whose article had been rejected and who, having gummed some of the pages together, accused him of not having read it: "Madam, when I have an egg for breakfast and find the first spoonful bad I do not have to eat the rest in order to form an opinion."

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We come now to the Dunster book case. Being warned by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice on October 11, 1929, the Watch and Ward Society on October 15 sent their man to a certain bookstore in Cambridge, where he talked with the clerk, who offered to try to get a certain book for him for $15. The next day when he called to place an order for the book, the head of the shop, DeLacey, said: "Take his name and address and we will try and get it for him." The agent, not desiring practically to announce that he was an agent of the Watch and Ward, gave his first and middle names. Thirteen days later, on learning by telephone that the book had arrived, he called and secured it for $15.

And that is all that happened in the Dunster case as bearing on the conduct of the Watch and Ward. There was no solicitation, there was no enticement, there was no pursuit. The accusations against the Watch and Ward Society to that effect are based on the testimony of Mr. DeLacey, who indicated his own reliability as a witness by first testifying that he did not remember having bought the book and should not know where to get it and afterwards admitting that he had previously sold five copies of it, of which one had gone to a lawyer, one to a book collector, and three to college professors, at a profit of $10 or 200 per cent on each, thereby also demonstrating that he needed no persuasion other than a desire for profit to make a sale.

The findings on the facts in this whole case, as bearing on the action of the Watch and Ward Society, by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, to which the case was carried, are substantially as above stated. And they are conclusive. The whole basis of the attacks upon the society is thereby swept away; the ground is cut from under it.

If any further exoneration were needed, the findings of Thomas W. Proctor — former president of the Boston and the Massachusetts Bar Associations, respected leader of the bar, employed by the Watch and Ward Society to tell the whole truth about the matter as he might find it from the testimony, are in point. He says in summing up his report upon the subject:

> The suggestion of improper inducement to make the sale is without foundation. It is plain that the offense was committed without urging. I have seen nothing in the activities of the agents of the Society in this case that was not in the public interest, and in view of established facts it is obvious that this work done by the Society is work that should be continued.

In conclusion, there is another witness I would like to call — not necessary to the defense of the Watch and Ward but providing cumulative rather interesting testimony in its favor. I n the chief accuser, Mr. Bushnell. At the trial in Superior Court, as reported by the press, Bushnell pounded the rail and shouted:

> I want the public to understand that the Dis Attorney does not indorse the Watch and Ward S ety's policy or tactics. I serve warning here and now as long as I am District Attorney of this district agents of this Society go into a bookstore of good re and induce and procure the commission of a crime, I proceed against them for criminal conspiracy.

Why this lame and impotent conclusion? Bushnell's opinion of the Society has not b concealed. He hates it evidently with a hatred. He has shouted his opinion from the ho tops. Nine-tenths of the publicity that he so plores has been furnished by himself. A previ prosecution in which the same book was invol took place in 1927 — what reader of THE NO AMERICAN REVIEW has heard of it? That Dunster case went round the world, to the jo those who hate the Puritans (Mr. Bushn special contribution to our Tercentenary), not owing to a prosecution for selling an evil b but to his own coruscating attacks upon Watch and Ward — helped by the tacit fury was it furious taciturnity?) of Herbert Par immortalized in an editorial in *The Boston Her*

Now, with the Dunster case came opportun Here was Mr. Bushnell's chance. His enemy delivered into his hands. The Watch and W had entered his very bailiwick and there c mitted, as he says, an odious and criminal offe Why content himself with threats? What is excuse for this delinquency? Why does he prosecute them now?

The explanation seems to be: he has no case was all very well to fight the Society where it merely his own witness, where it could not ploy counsel, could not cross-examine witnes nor put up a defense of any kind. It was very to hit an enemy whose hands were tied. It quite another thing to do so where the ene could answer back. So as a wise and prud officer of the law he shunned the battle. Th could be no more striking vindication of Watch and Ward.

Why *Arithmetic*?

By GEORGE J. TURNEY

THE thesis laid down by our witty frie Donald Rose in *Stuff and Nonsense*, t much of our school work is superfluous, it is

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purpose to deny. His "horrible examples" of kings of England and the bones of the body well taken, but it is my purpose somewhat to end his diatribe against mathematics in general d arithmetic in particular.

Schopenhauer would have been away off from truth if he had stated that arithmetic was the sis of all mental activities, but he would obably have been as near the truth as he was en he called it the "basest of all mental activi-s," because a machine could accomplish some its functions. Let us follow his method of rea-ing a little farther. Because a machine (air-ne or auto) can accomplish locomotion, is lking the "basest" of the physical activities? cause a dynamo, a machine, can generate ctricity, therefore is electricity the "basest" e of energy? Is that good reasoning?

It does not take a profound knowledge, a bright ellect or a wide experience to realize that there bungling in our present school system. But it is vays easier to offer destructive than construc-e criticism.

Let us see if we can suggest something con-uctive. If our pupils were taught the "funda-ntals" *well* and taught to *think* and given a ste of some of the best in the vast realm of owledge, then teaching would advance to the ty pinnacle of real education (the act of draw-out, as the word means) and cease to be the ocess of cramming in by verbal memory.

It was my good fortune before I entered high ool to know how to add, subtract, multiply and vide whole numbers, and common and decimal ctions well. This is all that is *essential* as a thematical basis. Knowing these enabled me learn the whole metric system in about thirty nutes. Though it has been of little "practical" e to me I know it yet after three decades and am nvinced of its immense superiority over our esent cumbersome systems. The psychologists en say that what you have really learned you ver forget.

We, too, have a comely thirteen-year-old daugh-r in our home. Last winter she brought home oblems in stock and insurance, but wasn't no-ed looking "cross-eyed" in solving them. In is day and age of women in business, law, poli-s or what-have-you, the "mental gymnastics" arithmetic will probably not be an insuperable ndicap in her after life. Our girl has two hours a y out of doors. When she has not finished all r lessons at school she usually studies an hour ter dark. Mayhap there are better ways of ending the evening, but there are also worse ones. I'd much rather she'd be wasting her time on square root or even cube root than at the average movie or shuffling a deck of cards.

Now, as to the unsuccessful and successful men both dispensing with arithmetic. Yes, they could. They could also dispense with nearly every other study, activity and interest in life, in like manner.

Next to reading and writing number work is fundamental to our progress. Virtually all material inventions have a mathematical basis. Does Mr. Rose ever ride on a train? Every rail in every curve in the track is laid by mathematical computation, even if the foreigner who drives the spike does not know trigonometry. Does Mr. Rose ever ride in an auto? The strength, elasticity, etc., of each part has been mathematically computed. Does Mr. Rose ever patronize a druggist or a doctor? If he does he buys mathematics.

The words in Mr. Rose's article against mathematics were set on a linotype, one of the world's greatest mathematical machines, and printed on paper mathematically as well as chemically compounded, and they were read by me through glasses mathematically ground to +2.50 diopters, that being the mathematical amount of presbyopia in my eyes.

Mr. Rose says, "learning is only what you make of it." He might also have added that work, play, companionship, home, love and even God, are to each of us, only what we make of them.

The curriculum *is* overloaded, and the "potato patch and ash heap" would be better than some of the work sent home by the overzealous specialist intent only on grinding out the pupils to match a course of study. What is the remedy? Time alone will tell. But let me make bold to offer a few concrete suggestions toward betterment. First perhaps in importance to the health and proper reaction to life, do much more of the school work in God's big schoolhouse, the out-of-doors, instead of the brick and mortar "prisons" as our fifteen-year-old son calls the school he attends. Some one said, "It is a crime to learn in a house anything that could have been learned out of doors."

Mahatma Gandhi's advice to his fellow-countrymen to dispense with inventions and mass-production and to return to more pioneer methods, has more of value in it than some people realize. Mr. Rose stresses work and play. Well and good. This would give plenty of work of the best type. While it might curtail children's playtime it should not lessen their zest. And it would dispense with much of the foolishness of our scholastic régime.

Another aid to education would be to hire, coax, coerce, train or otherwise persuade our legislators

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to limit the powers of our State schools. All high schools should not exist primarily to feed politically controlled State Universities and State Normal Schools, whose entrance requirements will bear looking into.

Perhaps it would be a real aid to the best in education if we would devise a way to consolidate some of our organizations and activities. It is not conducive to peace of mind or clarity of thought for the church, school, Y. M. C. A. (or Y. W. C. A.), Boy Scouts (or Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls), movies, radio, etc., *ad nauseam*, to all be competing for the attention and interest of the child, and often against the best interest of the home. There should be a simplification or an elimination. Our so-called civilization is far too complex for the best health and highest happiness of our children and ourselves. (The Gary, Ind., plan of coöperation of church and school was partly such a corrective measure.)

One of the great weaknesses of our educational system is the deep-rooted notion that each pupil in the "class" must study and learn the same things, in the same way, in the same quantity, at the same time. Patrick once said, "God gave every man a chance by making no duplicates." This is just where many schools do not give every boy or girl a chance. There is no such thing as an "average" boy or girl. God does not deal in averages; He deals in individuals, and our schools must learn to do so.

Health and happiness — two of the greatest prizes, if not the greatest two, in life — can only be attained by a wise coördination of play, work, companionship and ideals. School is not *the* essential thing, but if properly conducted it will not hinder but greatly help in this proper coördination.

Tariff Again

By Carl F. Kuehnle

I was amused if not edified when reading Scroggs's article, *Revolt Against the Tariff*, in the July issue. Though the author quotes editors, he shows convincingly that his own views are low tariff. Have him read Secretary Lamont's recent comments on the Hawley-Smoot Bill. These same objections have generally been urged whenever a Republican bill has been enacted in past decades.

I recall the "storm of indignation" against the McKinley Bill, the defeat of McKinley for re-election and the election of a Democratic Free Trade Congress. But do you recall the come back? McKinley's election as President, improved business and general prosperity.

The East wants more protection for its wa but objects to the farmer being protected — farmer wants high duties on his products a objects to higher rates on manufactures which consumes. Each wants his special interest higl protected, but complains if the other fello product is. Laws of this nature generally are co promises, but our history proves that we pros under high Protection and suffer under l tariffs or "tariff for revenue only" — practi Free Trade. I have just reread a dispatch in *Chicago Tribune* of June 17, 1930, that, "Twen two ships, chiefly freighters, made port t morning, saving hundreds of thousands of doll for the importers. Other ships with large cargoes imports were racing to get to port before the l became operative." They were thus depriving United States of large sums in duties and floodi the country with foreign made goods to the de ment of American manufactures and laborers.

If duties are high the cheap foreign labor a the product thereof finds it more difficult to co pete with us. It is best to keep our factories op and producers and laborers employed, ev though the consumer must pay a little more what he buys. The American worker is the b customer for our own products, especially of t farm. When our factories shut down or work o part time their employees do not consume much high priced food, and we thus lose the ho market and create poor business.

If manufacturers are highly protected, inter competition soon reduces prices. Whenever mon is made or to be made, others will go in to ma some and then the competition soon regulates t price and prevents exorbitant profits. Protectio high duties have in the past brought and alwa will bring good times. Low duties, or ta for revenue only or Free Trade, give the foreign our markets, throw American laborers out work, destroy the purchasing power of our b customers, bring depression, poor business a hard times.

An Apology

We are indebted to H. M. K. Smith, auth of *Silver Lotus*, for calling our attention an error in printing his story in our August issu The Japanese girls do not dance "with" the me the expression should have been to dance "fo them.

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